



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE number of fairly well educated young men who are endeavoring to get a start in life is increasing daily, and the majority of them have little or no means of supporting themselves while struggling to get into a business or a profession. In the course of the year I have letters and applications from hundreds who are "looking for something to do." Many of them are "willing to start as reporters;" others would "keep books" or "do almost anything" for sufficient pay to keep them going. Lawyers' and doctors' offices are likewise besieged by young men who desire to become "students" but would like to have enough pay from the beginning with which to board and clothe themselves. The big warehouses and retail stores where the tasks are simpler could have fifty men for every one they need if they were willing to board and clothe the applicants. Government offices could be filled with clerks from the cellar to the roof at five or six dollars a week, by young fellows who can write a hundred words of shorthand a minute and decipher about a hundred words an hour. The majority of these young people imagine that their time, no matter whether they possess any experience or skill, is worth enough to pay for their board and lodging and provide enough for their clothes. In this they are mistaken. A young fellow has to be possessed of genius nowadays to be worth house-room, if he is without experience or technical knowledge, in any office or business. In order to occupy any station higher than office boy—and very smart office boys can be had for a dollar and a half a week, with the opportunities of promotion ranging up to four or five dollars a week within five years—he must have had some training. In a newspaper office, a law office, a drug store or a salesroom an unskilled young man is in the road and for the first year at least should pay a bonus for a chance to learn a business. The fact is, the average business man would rather take an office boy and bring him up to a certain task, than admit the well educated young fellow who never did anything towards making his own living, at a bonus. It is a solemn truth that the well educated young fellow is getting in the road; people are tired hearing him talk about having graduated, desiring to find "a proper sphere in life" and "doing nothing" to get a start. The trouble is he cannot do anything, not even work with his hands. If he were to be asked to sweep out the office, clean the door-steps and shovel coal into the furnace, he would at once put on his coat and leave.

Amongst others I am getting tired acting as adviser to this more or less superfluous person. I have conversed with him and his mother; I have seen him with his father; I have been visited by him when he had a chum or two along, who were also willing to do the editorial work of the paper or act as business managers without the slightest experience. I have had some of his poetry and bushels of his stories, until I have sighed for an opportunity to deal with people who understand something about life and its tasks. It is a pleasure to sit down and read the manuscript of a practiced and acceptable writer, and it is refreshing to meet men who know something about the newspaper business because they have been in it more than a few minutes. It is part of the duty of the editorial staff of a newspaper to read everybody's manuscript, and when a stray gem comes up from amidst the tons of rubbish the writer of it is sought for and does not need to haunt newspaper offices in order to be discovered.

I had the son of an old school friend come to me the other day, a bright-faced, strapping fellow of about twenty. He asked me pretty much the old questions and gave me pretty much the old answers. But there was a saving element in him which is found in few boys. He was born on a farm, and while going to school helped with the farm work, so that as he was approaching his majority he had a high school education, a good stomach and plenty of muscle. I asked him if he was afraid to begin life by working with his hands. He said, "No, but I would rather work with my head." After a while I convinced him that his head would come in competition with those of fifty thousand other young fellows who were perhaps smarter than he was, and I wound up with the advice—giving it, too, to the son of a dear friend—which I shall repeat for the benefit of other young men, who can take it or leave it, of course, as they choose.

In this young country, where the beginner must support himself or be a drag on his parents to an extent of which he should be unspeakably ashamed, he must work with his hands. There is no shame in manual labor, and to do it is one of the swiftest methods of achieving promotion and money which is to be found anywhere. The man with a good education can work with his hands to the greatest possible advantage. If he is on a piece of railway construction he can soon become a foreman, and as a foreman will probably be taken by the contractor with him to his next job. In a little while he can take small contracts for himself, handle a little store, boss his job and run a boarding-house, and in a very few years have a stake which will enable him, in conjunction with a capitalist, to take larger contracts, reclaim land, get out timber, develop mines, or do a dozen other things. The young man with brains and muscle, sober habits and a set purpose, finds little competition in a gang of laborers. The most of them are ignorant, and those who are educated or have seen better days are apt to be dissipated, unreliable, or lacking in judgment or management.

Then, again, take a young man who starts as a miner. The work may be hard, but every day he is learning either how to blast rock, put in cribwork, follow a lead, sink a shaft, crosscut a vein, or something else of the most practical and everyday use. If he watches the engineer, reads books on engineering and assaying, or takes a fugitive course in some technical school, he may soon become skilful in many ways of the greatest possible value to mine-owners. He will not be a theorist just from school; he will be known as a practical man, and will soon have jobs of putting up machinery, sinking experimental shafts, or a confidential position as head of a band of prospectors. A young fellow who is willing to work can make a living as a boatbuilder's help, and then as a boatbuilder; then on the thousands of lakes which lie within Canadian limits he can build a little trading-boat for himself, take up land, develop water power, begin manufacturing in a small way, and in a few years make money in a large way.

If the young man who is anxious to get a start in life were to begin in any one of a dozen places which could easily be found for him, and work with his hands as vigorously as the gold-hunters do in the Yukon, his chances of finding gold would be ten per cent. better than they are in the richest placer country on earth. If a young farmer learned as much about the chemical properties of the soil on a piece of land and worked each variety as cunningly as the miner has to work amongst the rocks or gravel, he would not be likely to fail in making a success of it. The way for the young fellow to begin is to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves and start working. Every blow he strikes, every pound he lifts, will be made just so much easier or more effective by his education. Good men are hard to find—those who know how to work and have brains enough to plan. In fact, first-class brains are scarce, and they are scarcest coupled with practical knowledge and physical experience. Brains should always work near capital, for by and by capital will notice the brains and the muscle and the knowledge displayed; and let no man, young or old, be afraid that when capi-

tal sees brains but it will be in haste to hire them. If ability hides itself from capital it should not feel surprised if it is overlooked. If ability travels with loafers and nobodies it will have no chance of a profitable engagement, for no one with anything profitable to do or any money to pay for it is contiguous to it. If Messrs. Brains & Muscle working together do not get discouraged their success is as certain as anything can be in which health has always to be considered.

The great trouble with bright young fellows, even after they are forced to do manual labor for a time, is that they run off on wild-goose chases, become speculators, flighty prospectors, or else become crooked in trying to get rich too quickly. I do not know a successful man in any large business who does not already pay a big salary to some practical and trustworthy man with brains and some education, or who would not give a considerable proportion of his earnings to get such a man to lean upon. There is room for thousands of them, and if you look at the rich and successful men of to-day you will find that in nearly every case they began life as I am suggesting that more young men should begin their lives. Take for example such men as Sir William Van Horne, Sir Frank Smith, Sir David Macpherson, Sir Casimir Gzowski, William Mackenzie, Hugh and John

aspect of the church's affairs is not encouraging, I was charitable enough to leave unmentioned and undissected many phases which would have made things rather unpleasant; and let it be remembered, the lay delegates spoke more sharply than any outsider would have assumed to speak, the *News'* correspondent to the contrary.

With regard to my ignoring the "tremendous moral and eternal issues which hinge upon its thoughtful deliberations," I can only say that the charge as directed towards me is untrue in every respect. It was in regretting that these supreme issues were so little, or so inconsistently considered in the Conference and the churches, that my article on the spiritual phase of the subject was founded. Though I neither shun criticism nor court approbation, I am glad to be able to state that what I wrote on the lines above named met the most cordial approbation of every Methodist of my acquaintance, and I have the privilege of knowing a great many good people of that sect; therefore, taken altogether, the alleged reply so prominently thrust before the public eye at such a late date had but two reasons for its publication: the first to attack me, and the second to praise Methodism. The article itself did not refute an argument I had advanced, nor demonstrate in a single instance

time an officer in the United States navy, was above reproach. The intense love he felt for his wife and child, and the beautiful and touching devotion which Mrs. Emerson evinced for him before and during his imprisonment, were both object lessons to the people of this country who are prone to be so uncharitable towards "play-acting people." The evidence proved that the man Tuttle was one of those physically overpowering and overbearing fellows who cannot be resisted by the ordinary man without the use of a deadly weapon. At no time in the history of the world was it ever improper for a man to defend his life as best he could, and until we reach the millennium it is improbable that bullies overestimating their physical prowess will fail to make attacks upon weak men, who must either use a pistol or a knife to prevent themselves being smashed to pieces. Though it is often true that the strongest men are the gentlest, yet it is too frequently the case that physically almost irresistible fellows give way to violent attacks of rage, and if occasionally one is killed under such circumstances it should prove as salutary a warning as a hanging-bee to others of the same kind. The people of Canada are not prone to look leniently upon the homicide, but in the killing of Tuttle their sympathies went out to the cultivated and kindly man who on the spur of the moment and in self-defence took the life of another, and they can sincerely congratulate Mr. Emerson that he did not find British law as blood-thirsty an affair as some of his compatriots of the United States imagine it to be.

THE Kingston election trial, in which it was attempted to unsettle Hon. Mr. Harty, has proven to be one of the worst fiascos imaginable. The charges, numbering 287, included a central conspiracy, with its headquarters in Toronto, to bribe and corrupt the electors of Kingston, and elsewhere throughout the province, and set forth instances almost too numerous to mention in which the most unblushing and debauching methods were employed. Thousands of dollars were alleged to have been raised and expended, and prominent people, and members of the Ontario Cabinet in particular and by name, were connected with the iniquitous affair. When the thing came to trial the bottom fell out of all these charges, and the whole thing was shown to be little more than a bluff. No one can say whether there were or were not corrupt methods used—though everyone suspects there were—but Chancellor Boyd and his distinguished colleague on the bench decided that nothing was proven and said it was disgraceful that the charges should ever have been put on record. This amounts to a very direct castigation of those who framed the bill of particulars, yet it was certainly well deserved. No man should charge another man or set of men with disgraceful things unless he is positive that he can prove them. To make such charges in a court is as unfair, and the proceeding is as scandalous, though privileged, as if the words were uttered or written and open to suits for scandal or libel. No matter what charge is made against a man or where it is made, harm is necessarily done to his reputation, for people will remember the accusation while forgetting or never knowing that no proof was ever found to support it, or that the most irrefragable evidence was put in to disprove it. The tendency to use election petitions to frighten members-elect or to furnish material for a saw-off, has become altogether too prevalent. Few if any instances, however, can be shown where such railing accusations were heaped up with so slight a support of evidence. Kingston, we all know, is a city violently rent by politics, and it is customary to expect the elected member to be unseated, no matter which side he is on. It might be well, in view of the many election trials in the past, for Kingston to avoid so conspicuous a place in the election courts. If both sides dropped the spending of money illegitimately—and it has been spent illegitimately on both sides at various times—the chances of carrying the election would remain as evenly divided as ever, and an evil example would be removed from our politics.

AN attack is made upon the Postoffice Department because "in Canada we have to pay six cents for four ounces, or forty-eight cents for two pounds, when sending a package through the parcel post, while if the same parcel is directed to Hong-Kong or to any part of Great Britain the charge is sixteen cents for the first pound and twelve cents for the second, or twenty-eight cents altogether." Thus, it is urged, "it costs twenty cents more to forward such a parcel from Toronto to Hamilton than it costs to send it across the continent and the Pacific Ocean to Hong-Kong." And why not? Canada is trying to build up a trade within the Empire and in foreign fields, and it is necessary to send samples and parcels by post at the lowest possible rate. The commercial travelers of Canada do this work within the Dominion, and a very low parcel post rate would be of small advantage to our wholesale merchants or our private citizens, while it would tend to still further increase the business of departmental stores. Does the *Mail and Empire*, in making their complaint, desire that our postal cars shall become the delivery wagons of the big departmental stores which are killing the smaller retail traders, not only in Toronto, but all over the country? Are the people of Canada to be taxed for a deficit in the postal department in order that big corporations shall kill the stores at the doors of the taxpayer, destroy the business of the villages and small places, and make it impossible for the little fish to escape being eaten up by the big ones? If it were possible for the Postoffice Department to discriminate between individual senders of parcels and the big stores which are using the post-office officials as peddlers of their samples and delivery wagons for their goods, it might be wise to do so, but unless this can be done it is well that the parcel postage rate should remain as high as it is, if not increased. Canada believes in a certain amount of protection as against outside countries, and if popular opinion were to be consulted it would be found that there is a very well grounded belief that some protection should be afforded the smaller towns as against the immense departmental stores in the centers of population. While it is impossible to afford any such protection by tariff enactment, yet it is certainly not the Government's duty to so arrange the postal tariff as to lead thoughtless people to kill their own localities in order to be humbugged by the catalogues sent out from people at a distance and who deliver their goods by parcel post.

THE reconstruction of the St. Lawrence Market demands immediate attention. If the guardians of the city's interests are not absolutely blind to their duty they will do something to preserve the large and exceedingly valuable block now vacant, or about to be vacated, as an attractive and money-making civic feature. Money has been spent to get information; satisfactory plans have been made, or can be easily obtained, for converting the space now occupied by the St. Lawrence Market, City Hall and old Drill Shed, into one of the greatest markets in America. The estimated cost is not great, being only a hundred and fifty or sixty thousand dollars. The interest, maintenance, salaries, repairs, heating, etc., are estimated to cost about \$17,000 a year, while the revenue, as the report states, "is probably underestimated at \$38,000 per year." This provides a wagon area for a hundred hucksters, basket-places for five hundred, fifteen flower-stands, a hundred and thirty-two general stalls, thirty fruit and produce stalls, and 17,000 square feet of cold storage. In the first place the market could not be better situated than it is, being accessible to the people of every part of the city by trolley line, and to everyone it would be an immense advantage and convenience. Thousands would attend a decently arranged and cleanly kept market who now never think of dragging about amidst wagons and dirt in order to buy the few things they need. The whole area would be covered in,



The Late Madame Carnot.

See page 7.

Ryan, Dan, Mann, Patrick Purcell, Alexander Manning, William Gibson, M.P., in fact almost every other Canadian who has not ably achieved great success in handling men and building great works, and you will find that they began by gaining a practical knowledge of their business and were never afraid to take hold and do manual labor themselves. They are not ashamed of it and they have no reason to be, but every young man who would blush to think of handling a pick or a shovel should be ashamed of himself, and his friends may well despair of him ever doing great things.

ON Monday a correspondent occupied a column of the front page of the *Evening News* with a so-called reply to what he alleges to have been my criticism of the late Methodist Conference. It is to be regretted that this correspondent did not fly to the defence of the Conference a little sooner, but perhaps it suited his purpose better to wait until the whole episode had been almost forgotten. My criticisms were so absolutely just and so obviously well aimed that though the city was full of Methodist clergymen at the time, no one made any reply. Every daily newspaper in the city criticized the Conference, the *News* not excepted, and all of them had a right to do so, particularly as the letter to which I am making reply correctly asserts that it was a business conference. That the Methodist church, amongst others, accepts exemption from taxation makes it a beneficiary of the state, and every citizen has as much right to criticize its business matters and general conduct as he has the Public school system. If the *News'* correspondent has not been asleep or so far out of town as to be away from the newspapers, he would know that I dealt with two phases of the Conference in two different issues of SATURDAY NIGHT. One was entirely a discussion of the business affairs brought up in the convention, and I did not deal as harshly with the figures presented in the Conference report as some of the delegates themselves dealt with them later on. As a matter of fact, though the business

that I was unjust or incorrect. The subject had been dropped, and I do not propose to re-open it at present, nor would I have heeded the letter had it not contained one of those malicious innuendoes so often resorted to in order to suppress those who see fit to direct public attention to the errors and oversights of religious denominations. At the very beginning of the letter my criticisms are compared with those of Colonel Ingersoll, with the obvious intention of creating the impression that I am an agnostic going about seeking to damage the cause of religion—and this idea is carried clear through the piece. Though I should, perhaps, be ashamed to admit it, I have never read nor heard one of Colonel Ingersoll's lectures, nor have I ever read what is known as an infidel book, nor listened to a discourse intended to weaken the force of religious thought and action. I can conscientiously say that I never intentionally wrote anything tending to destroy the faith of mankind in God or His revealed will, and it is unfair that any scribbler who desires to see himself in print should be permitted to use the columns of a newspaper to convey by innuendo what all who know my work as a writer know to be untrue. This is the method, however, often adopted by those who, under the pretense of championing the cause of Christianity and moral reform, drag the whole subject in the ditch. They wait till the subject is half forgotten, rely on the carelessness or ignorance of the readers to be pretty well mixed up as to what little they do remember, and proceed by the use of generalities and insinuations to get their own pretentious piety in sight by flying to the attack of some critic and to the rescue of some cause.

THE public generally will applaud the verdict of the jury in the Emerson murder trial which declared that the actor was not guilty. Though many have prejudices against actors and are taught to believe that all who adopt the stage as a profession are reckless and profligate people, it so happened that Emerson, who was a cultured gentleman and at one

making it in the summer shady and cool, in the winter dry and comfortable. The railway tracks will be laid under the market proper, the steamers may land their fruit and cargoes at its very door; farmers and butchers and produce dealers who bring what they intend to offer by wagon, will be comfortably housed. Parcel-rooms, lavatories, and all that sort of thing would be provided. Messenger boys and co-operative delivery wagons would doubtless be introduced, and for a few cents goods which could not be delivered free could be sent all over the city instead of having to be carried, as at present, by the purchasers. The scheme would cost the taxpayer nothing, but would save him his share of the loss which must fall upon all the citizens alike if the city's property in that locality is let run down at the heel, thus also affecting the revenue of all the public assets adjacent to the market.

Another feature which has not been sufficiently dwelt upon is the attractiveness of the market to visitors. Oddly enough, outsiders visiting a town are always anxious to see the market. They want to see what people eat and what the various articles cost, and scores of cities could be enumerated where the visitor is given the market as one of the first sights to be seen. Truly our market is a sight to be seen and remembered, for it is one of the worst on the continent. Toronto is becoming alive to the fact that there is money in attracting visitors here and properly entertaining them after they arrive. The season just closing has been a profitable one for this city in housing and feeding residents from the Southern States and elsewhere. This business can be multiplied fifty-fold, and we can attract permanent residents by the thousands if we go about it properly. What better inducement can we offer the casual visitor to remain with us than a first class up-to-date market? Everything, considering the variety offered, is cheaper in Toronto than in any city in America, excepting, perhaps, in San Francisco, which used to be the dearest but is now one of the cheapest cities to live in on this side of the Atlantic, and has a market which puts this city to shame. If we could show our visitors the train and ship-loads of fruit that come to us, the magnificent meat, poultry, butter and eggs which are every day provided in such huge quantities, they would ask the prices and find many inducements in the pleasure that would be given their eye, their appetites and their pockets, for stopping where everything to eat is so good and inexpensive. A great many people who read these arguments may think they are trivial, but it is such things which make a city attractive to those who are seeking homes. We have a site for our city which is unequalled in America; we offer more and more varied amusements than any other city; it is more healthful, more beautiful, and its climate, taken all the year around, has no superior. As an educational center it is unsurpassed; rents and food are cheap; and as soon as we get people to see these things in their true light we will have a vast increase of population and of wealth. In the meantime we must have a reconstructed market.

THE gratifying news comes from Upper Canada College that the institution begins this year with a large increase in the number of pupils. There are 125 boys in residence, which is double the number with which the school started in 1895, and the 145 day pupils also nearly doubles the number of former years. The class and boarding-rooms will not contain more than five pupils in addition to the 270 now in attendance, and any considerable increase next year could only be met by providing a new building. Dr. Parkin, the distinguished principal, and all the old Upper Canada College boys old and young have reason to rejoice in this excellent condition of affairs, but it is to be hoped that they will not be content with what they have achieved, for the United States and Canada within the next ten years will probably double the number of those who desire to register at this popular institution. With a bigger school, better equipment could be provided, the best teachers could be employed, and Toronto as well as those who attend the College would be benefited. The school is now practically self-supporting. With a larger attendance it can begin to beautify and extend itself so that it will be the most attractive and thoroughgoing institution of its kind on the continent. Give such a school a good start, and under proper management it can become almost anything that its friends see fit to make it.

UNFORTUNATELY Toronto's collegiate institutes do not present so encouraging a picture. The attendance has decreased, and those in whom the management of them is vested are not at all agreed as to either the cause or the remedy. Three High schools, all looking for the same class of patronage, are too many for Toronto. One of them should be made a collegiate institute for girls, and so arranged as to meet the same requirements which Upper Canada College meets for boys. The Ontario Government leaves Upper Canada College practically free from control, though it has not abandoned its hold on the institution, and it would no doubt assist a girls' collegiate institute to the same extent that it assists other High schools. Canada requires a first class non-sectarian girls' school where none but teachers with the best class of certificates shall be employed, and where Government supervision will be a guarantee that the regular educational standard of the province at least shall be maintained. The school itself need have no residence as a part of it. As I have several times pointed out, the dormitories and residences adjacent to the school and suitable for accommodating the girls could be provided by private enterprise or by church societies. Without intending in the slightest degree to belittle the efforts towards higher education for girls which the various churches have made, it can be truthfully said that Canada still lacks a good girls' school where the daughters of those residing remote from good educational institutions may attend and be under the personal supervision of cultured and conscientious ladies who will see that while the mind is being properly trained good manners and good morals are not forgotten. The Roman Catholics are vastly ahead of the non-Catholics in this respect, and there are more than enough daughters of non-Catholics in convents in Canada to provide such a school as I am outlining with plenty of students. The girls' schools of the Protestant denominations are not only weak in the element of refinement of manners, but are not strong in the *personnel* of their teachers or in the educational standard which they achieve.

Supposing, for instance, that the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute received girls only, many of the private residences adjacent could be enlarged and devoted to the reception of non-resident pupils. The Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Anglicans, and for that matter the Roman Catholics if they desired it, could each have a residence for their own girls, each one presided over by capable ladies of refinement, who would procure masters for the girls in their charge for music, painting, and those accomplishments which the teaching institute would not pretend to furnish. These residences would be in affiliation with the institute, and the denominations concerned could select, and would no doubt be glad to select, proper ladies for their management. Certainly, if an arts course can be better given by the University College than by the colleges affiliated with it, the institute would give a better education to girls than is now being provided by the smaller schools, many of them managed by ladies who are not trained teachers and who have few facilities for obtaining either proper assistance or appliances.

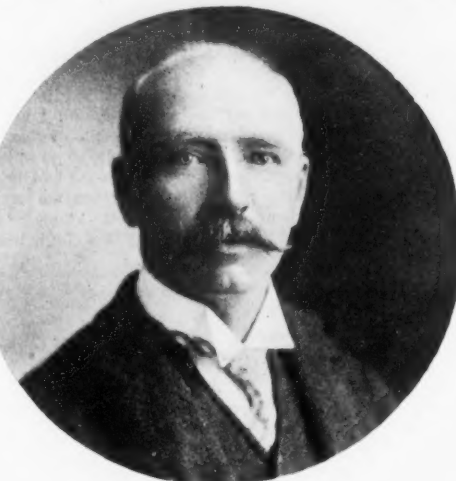
If the Board of High School Trustees were to take hold of this question in earnest they could build up an institution in Toronto which would be the Newham College of America. Many well-to-do people would move to this city in order to educate their daughters; hundreds of girls would come from the outside, and they and their friends would spend a great deal of money. The fees would make the institute self-supporting, and the two remaining High schools would be much less burdensome to the taxpayers. In the girls' collegiate institute a primary course could be offered, while in the other two the grade could be kept higher, while for the fifth book grade could be placed in one Public school in each ward, together with botany, physics, Euclid and algebra. In the remainder of the Public school system the pupils need go no further than the fourth book, and in consequence could become more thorough in knowledge of English and the branches absolutely necessary to those beginning life. Perhaps the School Board may not appreciate these

suggestions, but I am positive that if they examined the practicability and desirability of a girls' High school such as I have attempted to describe, they would find it an easy method out of their difficulties, inasmuch as it would relieve, as Upper Canada College to a certain extent relieves, the other High schools, while it would be but a very little while before it would become absolutely self-supporting and an attraction to the city.

DOR.

A War Correspondent.

On Saturday evening last at the National Club the directors of the Toronto *Globe* tendered a complimentary banquet to Mr. John A. Ewan, who had represented the paper during the recent war in Cuba. Mr. Robert Jaffray presided, and on his right hand was the guest of the evening, while Mayor Shaw was on his left. Other guests at the head table were: Hon. George W. Ross, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, R.L.; Lieut.-Col. Mason, R.G.; Lieut.-Col. Delamere, Q.O.R.; Lieut.-Col. Cosby, 48th Highlanders; Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P.; Mr. M. C. Ellis, Mr. A. F. Rutter, Mr. John King, Q.C., Mr. Joseph Tait, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Mr. J. T. Clark and Mr. J. A. Cooper. The vice-chairmen were Messrs. J. S. Wilson, W. B. McMurrich, Q.C., and C. W. Taylor, and among others present were: Capt. R. Myles, T.F.B., and Messrs. Emerson Coatsworth, W. D. Gregory, Frank Denton, James Watt, Ald. George McMurrich, J. T. Murray, E. T. Malone, Hugh Blain,



MR. JOHN A. EWAN,
The *Globe's* War Correspondent.

John Lewis, F. A. Acland, E. A. Wills, W. G. Matthews, J. F. Eby, W. G. Jaffray, G. F. Warwick, Lud K. Cameron, T. C. Irving, G. G. S. Lindsey, R. L. Patterson, S. T. Wood, Alex. Smith, C. A. B. Brown, J. W. Curry, Charles McPherson, Fred Ritchie, E. J. Hathaway, Noel Marshall, Peter Ryan, Allan Thomson, G. L. Wilson, W. J. Irwin, J. M. Boyd, R. C. Smith, John Hayes, J. W. Bengough, Frank Yeigh, Hector Charlesworth, R. C. Dunbar, Roden Kingsmill, C. F. Hamilton, M. O. Hammond, C. J. Bryan.

Mr. Ewan of the *Globe* was the only Canadian correspondent present at the battle of Santiago, and not only the enterprise which enabled him to always get to the front, but the graphic descriptions written by him and the shrewd opinions contained in his letters, came in for much praise by the speakers at the banquet. Being almost a disinterested spectator, Mr. Ewan was free to write of things as he saw them, and possessing this advantage over the correspondents from New York made his letters the most valuable sent from the scene of strife. The *Globe*, which promised little and performed much in regard to the war, scored points on its rivals, and on Saturday evening the credit was given to whom it largely belongs—the war correspondent.

During the evening Mr. Robert Jaffray, on behalf of the *Globe* directors, expressed appreciation of Mr. Ewan's abilities and called on Mr. A. F. Rutter to present him with a fine gold watch as a memento. Mr. Ewan replied with the sterling good sense that distinguishes him. The speech of the evening was delivered by Hon. G. W. Ross in response to the toast "Canada." Mr. Ross constantly confirmed his reputation as the ablest public speaker in this country.

Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Miss Olive Muriel Scanlon, that winsome and handsome girl whose coming to Toronto a few short seasons ago brightened so much the circle of her acquaintance, and Mr. William Harvey Lee, eldest son of Mr. W. R. Lee, took place on Tuesday at Bloor street east Central Methodist church, at half-past two o'clock. The day was wretched; grim, uncompromising rain held the heavens in solution, the asphalt gleamed with cold sluices of water, the scene was such as would have dampened anything but the spirit of buoyant, loving youth, which laughed at wind and weather, shining in the lovely large eyes of the bride, and gleaming from the quiet face of the young groom, who have set forth thus early in the journey of life, cheered and surrounded by the affection of all who know them. The church was decorated and the music was well rendered. Rev. Mr. Hincks, pastor of the church, officiated. Miss Scanlon's bridal gown was simply made, of richest white satin, with *guimpe* and sleeves of *mousseline de soie*, shirred and draped with an exquisite bertha of rare lace which was admired and appreciated by connoisseurs among the feminine contingent. A spray of orange blossoms and white heather (you know the tradition of the white heather) lay on the train which swept in creamy beauty far behind the little lady who wore it. A long tulle veil and a coronet of orange blossoms completed her toilette, and her bouquet was of roses, lilies-of-the-valley and carnations lightly touched with green, and trailing in the fashionable shower effect to the ground. Tidy made very lovely bouquets for this bridal party. Miss Rousseau, Miss Lillian Lee, sister of the groom, and Miss Florence Moffett were the bride's attendants; they wore white taffeta frocks frilled with *mousseline de soie*, the bodices tucked in diamond pattern and strapped with embroidery, the sleeves and *guimpes* shirred, and sashes of the *mousseline*. With these simple and elegant frocks were worn large black velvet hats with drooping plumes, and the lacking touch of color was given by sheaves of Meteor roses, very crimson and vivid. The maids wore exquisite little souvenirs of the wedding, given by the groom, wedding bell brooches of gold with pearls and the letter "L" in the center. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome hoop ring of diamonds. Mr. Willie Gooderham was best man. The ushers were Mr. George Carruthers, Mr. Harry Gooderham, Mr. Fred Somerville and Mr. Gordon Crawford. A reception was held after the marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon, 80 Bloor street west. A *marquee* had been arranged on the lawn and a very elegant *dejeuner* served by Webb's men. The orchestra played and the happy guests forgot the murky weather in a very pleasant hour, congratulating, admiring, and tasting goodies, as is the fashion of the wedding day. Mrs. Lee went away in a dress of castor cloth, with white satin blouse with bretelles of lace applied on satin, and a toque of castor velvet. Everyone admired the unaffected and joyous manner of the young bride, whose sweet nature has gained her so many warm friends. Mrs. Scanlon, mother of the bride, wore violet and black, with white satin and lace applique yoke. Mrs. Albert Scanlon of Bradford wore pink taffeta yoked with tucked white satin, and black velvet hat. Miss Melvin-Jones wore a charming frock all twinkling with jet paillettes, and black hat to match; Miss Bessie Hees wore pale blue broadcloth, with white *guimpe*, and broad-brimmed hat crowned with pink roses and *chiffon*; Mrs. Harry Wright looked very well in green *crepe* trimmed with turquoise velvet, a blue *toque* with plume of *coque* feathers; Mr. Robert J. Christie wore deep red cloth, with velvet straps, yoke of white satin, and large black hat; her sister, Mrs. Harry Healy, added a gracious presence to her brother's wedding party, in a braided blue cloth dress, with white and black *toque* and

feathers. Mr. and Mrs. Lee have taken a house on the corner of Church and Wellesley streets, where Mrs. Lee will receive on her return from the bridal trip next month. The date of the reception will be announced later.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain has written an autograph letter to Mr. Robert Shields of Toronto, who is getting ready for the press a book treating of the establishment of better relations between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, and which the famous politician says he will read with interest. Mr. Shields is a typical Scot, and has a credential letter from Lord Aberdeen bespeaking consideration from all and sundry the literary lights of the day. Mr. George W. Grote has written a highly commended book detailing the life experiences and principles of Mr. Shields.

Dr. Carveth removed some time ago to 230 College street, and for the future Mrs. Carveth will receive on Tuesdays instead of Thursdays as formerly. Mrs. George Macdonald will spend the winter with her sister and receive with her at above residence.

The season is usually opened by the Victoria Club annual ball, which this year is fixed for October 21. The chairman, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, the secretary, Mr. H. Minty, and an able committee are hard at work making arrangements a bit more elaborate than usual for the function. The tickets have been placed at a uniform price, one dollar for ladies and gentlemen. The dance will be given under the patronage of the following well known prominent ladies: Miss Mowat, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. George McMurrich, Mrs. W. J. Mitchell, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. W. G. Gooderham, Mrs. V. Armstrong, Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong and Mrs. G. Harley Roberts, and the committee is formed by: Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Q.C., Col. Sweny, Lt.-Col. Cosby, Mr. L. Melvin-Jones, Mr. F. J. Glackmeyer, Mr. W. J. Mitchell and Mr. Julius Miles. The stewards are: Messrs. Percy S. Maule, H. J. McMillan, L. McMurray, H. F. Gault, W. J. Kavanagh, H. Irish, D. Henwood and E. M. Lake.

A most enjoyable gathering took place at the residence of Mr. E. C. Davies, 109 Givens street, on Tuesday evening to witness the marriage of his daughter, Miss Marion A., to Mr. Thos. T. Cass. The bridesmaids were Miss Maude Dunn and Miss Florrie Watson. The best man was Mr. A. Gowler. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. C. Laker of Crawford street Methodist church in the presence of quite a large number of friends and acquaintances. The bride's presents were handsome, and gave marked evidence of her popularity. Albert Williams was in charge of the wedding feast. The bride and groom went east for their honeymoon.

Mrs. H. P. Dwight has sent out cards for an afternoon tea on the nineteenth of this month at her residence in St. George street.

Miss Brouse returned a few days since from Europe and is looking very well after an enjoyable trip.

Among the audience at the Grand to see Sol Smith Russell I noticed Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh. The bride holds her post-nuptial reception at 308 Huron street next Thursday. Many friends who knew and admired her as Miss Barclay are glad to see her looking so well and happy.

Owing to the oversight of a correspondent, Miss Lauda Gale's reception day was last week stated to be Saturday, whereas it is, as a matter of fact, Friday.

Last week the yachtsmen bid farewell to a life on the ocean wave and the entrancing sport of sailing. The imperial Oriole, followed by all her lesser brothers and sisters, has tucked everything tight and laid up for the winter. During this season many bright parties have graced her decks and smart sailor men forgotten the toil of the Board of Trade, the office and the law courts in an hour on her immaculate deck. Mr. Gooderham looks younger and halier than ever, and has the thanks of an extended circle for many a lovely sail on his lordly and graceful craft.

The annual fall garrison church parade takes place to-morrow afternoon, when General Hutton will be present. Tickets for seats in the gallery have been very much in demand.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Tolmie Craig have returned to town and have taken up house at 12 Park Hill road, Rosedale, where Mrs. Craig will receive on Thursday and Friday afternoons, October 13 and 14.

One of the engagements of which I forewarned you last month has been announced and is creating great interest. Dr. George A. Peters, the most versatile of clever men, a daring and successful surgeon, a consummate whip, an ardent and popular officer, an artist of no mean ability, and an acute business man, has the proud assurance that he is as successful in tilting with Dan Cupid as he was in the tournament of happy memory. Miss Constance Meredith is the beautiful girl who has made him the happiest of men, and a chorus of warm congratulations comes from far and near. Were not Dr. Peters a modest man one would say for him some small misfortune.

Mrs. Winthrop, who spent last summer at the Island, was welcomed back by many amused friends when she appeared as that relic of the end of the first half of the century, and circumvented Uncle Dick.

Mrs. Wellington Bogart, (nee Luttrell), will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays of October, afternoon and evening, and following months, at 34 Sussex avenue.

On Wednesday Miss Constance Brough, daughter of the late Constantine Brough, and Mr. John Stewart Walters of London, Eng., were married by Rev. A. J. Broughall in the presence of a small and select party of relatives and near friends. Miss Brough wore a traveling dress of gray cloth with white vest of soft satin, black and white hat, and carried white roses. Miss Maye Brough was bridesmaid, in pale gray silk banded with black velvet, and black velvet hat, and her bouquet was of crimson roses. Mr. Archie Kilgour was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Courtney and Harry Kingstone. Mr. and Mrs. Walters received at the residence of the bride's mother in Madison avenue, the congratulations of many of the family and connections after the wedding, and left by the boat for their honeymoon. They will return to Toronto before leaving for England to reside.

A smart party of about thirty of the Scanlon-Lee wedding guests and bridal party took theater supper at the New Coleman on Tuesday evening after attending the play. The D'Alessandro Orchestra, which is permanently an attraction at such affairs, played beautifully, and a charming *menu* was served in Williams' best style.

"K" Company, Q.O.R., held a prize presentation supper at the New Coleman on Wednesday evening. Captain Rennie was chairman, and covers were laid for fifty.

The application of the Crown for a change of venue in the Napanee bank robbery case is one of the most surprising occurrences in connection with the whole case. Mr. Wallace Nesbitt said, in opposing the application, that he could only find three cases in the whole history of British jurisprudence where changes of venue had been granted in criminal cases. Mr. Justice Robertson said that he only knew of one such application in Canada—the Biddulph riots—and the application had been refused by Sir Adam Wilson. The Crown, through Mr. Leighton McCarthy, said that one of the reasons for making the request was that Ponton had a suit against the Dominion Bank for heavy damages. "I have nothing to do with that," said Mr. Justice Robertson. And what has the Crown to do with that, either? Why should the Crown guide its steps to suit the Dominion Bank? In the prosecution of Ponton where does the Crown end and the Bank begin? Is not the innocence of a man as important in the sight of the Crown as the money of a bank? This application made by the Crown is not only astonishing, as the judge remarked, but, considering the reason advanced, it is astounding.

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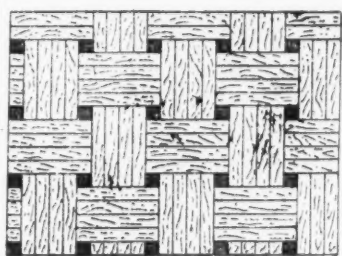
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A Fragment of Royalty.

A CANADIAN STORY BY A CANADIAN WRITER.

Elizabeth Angela Henry in the "Catholic World."

MAYHAP you are of the city for generations back and know naught of the homely charm of "milking-time" on the farm—that quiet sunset hour when the cows have come from the pasture and the hired hands gather around the kitchen table for their evening luncheon of bread and milk. It is an hour of gentle peacefulness denied, unless it be in misty retrospect, to the dweller on asphalt streets.

It was milking-time at Squaw Lake farm. At the foot of the lane stood the placid-faced cows patiently waiting the pleasure of the women-folk. The ripening grain was tinged with the reddish glow of the harvest sun dropping behind the old log barn, while overhead a flock of crows, lazily circling to the shadowy woods, cawed a plaintive "good-night" to the world beneath them.

Down the grassy lane went two girls, carrying stools and brightly scoured tin pails. As they walked leisurely along a young man came towards them from the barn leading to the public road.

"O Mr. Bertram! we thought you had gone to the store," exclaimed Bessie Moore, the younger of the girls.

"And so I did. Behold the result," he gaily returned, unrolling at the same time a package of late magazines.

The girls dropped stools and pails to examine the bundle, for such entertaining literature was scarce in the days of the early sixties.

"But, Mr. Bertram," questioned Bessie's companion, her sunny face half-hidden by a flapping sun-bonnet, "surely our poor little country store never risked an order like this without a buyer in view?"

Before she was answered a young man with a rake lying across his shoulder came around the bend of the lane and joined the little group. The last corner was a wholesome specimen of Irish-Canadian manhood, with the breeziness of the fields in his manly bearing and the tint of the flax-blossom in his clear blue eye. He was Paul Moore, the only son of the love and hopes of the Moore family. Paul's rugged honesty is the standard by which his sister Bessie measures the moral calibre of the neighboring young men, while to Nora, the girl of the sunny face, Cousin Paul has been the boundary line of her simple life ever since her coming to the farm, sixteen years ago, an orphan without kith or kin. The cousinship is but the natural sequence of the loving terms of "aunt" and "uncle" bestowed upon his parents.

Some couple of hours later the same group of young people were seated upon the broad stoop by the kitchen door. Twilight's delicate dove-tints were veiling the farm, softening the angles in the zig-zag rail fences and giving to Nora's face an added tenderness. In the pond down by the orchard the frogs sang their guttural night songs, the barking of a neighbor's dog echoed faintly over the hills, the whip-poor-wills whistled a cooling message as they flew from tree to tree, and as the gray shades deepened into dusk the tiny fire-flies appeared, about which Nora told Mr. Bertram a pretty legend: how the early French settlers were accustomed to make a lamp for Our Lady's picture by imprisoning a number of the flies beneath a tumbler, and how the fierce wolves of the forest prowling around the cabins, seeing the sparkling bits of light, were frightened from any nearer approach.

Paul Moore, seated on a bench smoking, knew that this evening was not more free from care than the many that had come and gone during his twenty-five years of untroubled existence. Still he was uneasily conscious of looking his last on his household gods of peace and contentment. And yet, he thought, what could happen? His gray-haired father, laboriously reading the *True Witness* by the evening lamp, had no sign of unrest on his weather-worn face; his mother in a yellow rocker by the window, tirelessly knitting, was solely occupied in watching for nine o'clock, when the Rosary might be said and her day ended. Bessie was lightly lifting the air of a new song heard at the last quilting bee, and Nora—what about Nora? Paul took an unusually long pull at his pipe. He had not told her why he was about to bid upon neighbor Armstrong's hundred acres, but surely she might guess. Besides, he must first know if John Bertram can effect the loan he has promised him, and at bank interest.

John Bertram had come to the farm three months before. Paul was doing the spring ploughing on the Pine Ridge, a corner of his farm bounded by the town-road, when he first met Mr. Bertram, looking for a few weeks' lodging in the vicinity of Squaw Lake, convalescing, he said, after a long illness and requiring country air. So it came about that John Bertram was made welcome at the Moore farm-house and allowed to use the spare room, where for pastime he set up a laboratory and dabbled in chemistry.

Paul soon became interested in the quiet, well-read stranger. It was pleasant to have a man with whom to discuss the doings of the world so distant from his fields of wheat and clover. There are times when the state of the crops, the weather, and even the company of a charming girl, will not satisfy a man like Paul Moore. He craves, as it were, a keener mind to whet his own against.

The stranger, on his part, enjoyed the long country days, the rowing on Squaw Lake, and the chance talks beneath the big apple-tree with Paul's cousin Nora. He never worked among his chemicals until

after nightfall, when he would frequently invite Paul to try his hand at experimenting, and long after the young farmer had retired sounds would reach him from the stranger's room, awakening in him dim longings for a life beyond Squaw Lake.

"Paul, it is nine o'clock."

"All right, mother."

"I believe it would be an easier matter to persuade the Archbishop of Dublin to eat meat on Friday than mother to miss saying the Rosary," remarked Bessie, as she crossed over to the red wooden pump for a drink of water before prayers.

Ever since Michael and Mary Moore's wedding-night had this pious Catholic custom of saying the beads in common been the rigid rule of the house. John Bertram, who had long ago forgotten to claim any creed as his own, was growing accustomed to the familiar sight of the family kneeling about the crucifix standing on a small table, beside it a bottle of holy water, but whether he ever wished to join in the evening prayers is uncertain. His hosts, with the innate courtesy of Celtic instincts, forebore expressing a desire that might be regarded as intrusion.

The lamp-light fell upon the bowed head of Michael Moore as he read the sacred mysteries with a voice full of reverence and strong faith; and as the fresh tones of the young people repeated the "Holy Marys," over the old mother's face passed a look of deep thankfulness that that Queen whom she had taught her children to honor had, in turn, showered such countless blessings upon them. And with a glance of maternal pride her blue eyes rested a moment upon Paul, her first-born, her darling.

"Do not fear; all will be made right, and may God keep you," were Paul's last words, as he resolutely turned from four white faces full of anguish and love. It was evening of the next day, and over the peaceful farm-house had swept a wave of black trouble, bending every head beneath it. Paul's presentiment of evil had taken shape an hour before, when two government detectives had appeared and arrested John Bertram as a long-wanted counterfeiter of Her Majesty's stamp on paper and mint, and Paul Moore as an accomplice. Then was explained the real use of the laboratory, out of which was to be realized the promised loan for neighbor Armstrong's farm; and when the old tather and mother pitifully implored Bertram to save their son, not by a word would the man who had broken their bread and enjoyed their friendship exonerate the young farmer from complicity in his crime! It was the first time he had been associated with an honest man, and he doubtless built on the efforts made for young Moore benefiting himself. Any admission of Paul's innocence implied his own guilt, he selfishly reasoned.

Days of weary watching and waiting followed. Michael Moore's gray head seemed to lower every day as mortgage after mortgage ate its way into the heart of the farm, with small help to Paul. Innocence counts for little against circumstantial evidence, especially in a poorly-fed lawyer's defence. So Paul, the man whose word was as good as another man's bond, saw the sun rise and set through iron bars made strong for murderers and forgers. He thought his pain had reached its depths when looking on the sufferings of the dear ones at home, but at the turning of the heavy prison key his strong, upright heart seemed clinched by an icy hand that cruelly squeezed out drop by drop the warm blood pulsing with pride and youthful hopes.

A woman is most keenly wounded through her affections, but a man cannot live without the good name his father gave him. Paul thought of his fields; and his cell, roomy though it really was, grew close as an iron cage. He could see his old gray horse Sib, which had carried him on many a merry prank in his schoolboy days, coming through the clover to look for apples in the pocket that always had one, and with an almost childish longing he wished to feel again the caress of that shaggy face. He crossed to the window to catch a glimpse of the sun that was now setting upon Squaw Lake, but his hot forehead chancing to touch the iron bars, a rush of shame went over him, making him feel as if he were what he was accused of being—a felon.

Paul well knew how desperate was his case. He had but his neighbors' word against the eloquence of a Queen's counsel, backed by strong circumstantial evidence. Farther down the stone hallway was the cell where the real culprit, John Bertram, was confined. At the memory of the callous selfishness which would end perhaps in sending him, innocent, to Kingston penitentiary, Paul well-nigh forgot his Christian training under the weight of the cruel injustice done to him by the man who had violated a trust that even a savage would have respected. In a few days his case would be called, and should the verdict be against him, Paul knew he must submit. To appeal to a higher court would mean the selling of Squaw Lake farm, and what then would shelter his aged parents, loving little Bessie and Nora?

Dusk had crept unheeded upon the lonely prisoner, who was aroused from his bitter thoughts by a passing guard saying: "It is nine o'clock."

At home they would be now saying the Rosary, and for him no doubt, Paul dropped upon his knees with a choking moan.

"Surely there is a higher court for such as I. Mary, Mother, have pity on me and mine!"

There by the iron-latticed window knelt the strong young figure, his hands holding the precious rosary and his clear blue eyes, so like his mother's, trustingly turned towards his pious Catholic home, confident in the mighty power of the "Communion of Saints."

It was early in September, and at Squaw Lake the farmers were busily threshing their grain, when Nora and Bessie found themselves in Toronto, where Paul's case was being tried. They were staying at the Red Lion Hotel, opposite the Government House.

The Queen City was in a big commotion. Last evening, the 7th of September, 1890, had come a royal guest to Toronto—Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. His was a triumphal march from the wild coast of Newfoundland's Island along the shore of the St. Lawrence. Through village, town and city he passed, carrying all before him by the prestige of his mother's name and his own winning, boyish grace. But it remained for Toronto to give the heartiest of loyal welcomes. It was late when he arrived by the Kingston, and the evening shadows were thickly gathering about his slight young form as he was cheered, addressed and sung to by tireless throats. Yet even in the twilight could be seen the lighting up of the somewhat satiated eyes when five thousand children burst forth in "God Save the Queen."

Seated by the window of her hotel, Bessie was listlessly watching the crowds coming and going to the afternoon reception held at the Government House in honor of the Prince, when Nora broke a rather long silence: "This is the eighth. Only three days more."

And Bessie, knowing her cousin's thoughts, sadly repeated: "Only three days more."

"Bessie, to-night His Royal Highness attends a ball at Osgoode Hall, and—"

"Nora, why can't you talk of Paul, and not of that boy who has all the world to think of him? Oh, my poor brother!" and the quivering face turned from Nora.

"Bessie, you and I must also attend this levee. Hush a moment! We must be there as actors, not spectators, for I must dance with the Prince of Wales. Patience a little longer, dear, and please do not look as if you thought trouble had driven me crazy; for great heaven, if this fall, Paul will go to prison, and then you may pity me, for my heart will surely be broken!"

But Bessie's warm, caressing arms quickly encircled the drooping figure, while she eagerly entreated Nora to tell her of the wonderful plan for saving Paul.

And then Nora told her that she had already obtained invitation cards through the assistance of the representative of their district in the Provincial House, who did not forget that when stamping the country Michael Moore's door was always open. But she did not add that her own bright eyes, exercised on a committee-man having more heart than head, were of considerable help in the matter. She would be one of the merry throng, while a costume's rich brocade and white wig would transform little Bessie into a stately chaperone.

At nine o'clock that same evening, among the line of carriages that whirled up to Osgoode Hall was one containing "Mrs. Moore and Miss Mona Moore."

Along the beautiful corridors of Caen stone swept Canada's wealth and fashion, put forth with its mightiest efforts. First came the reading of the address of welcome in the main atrium by her eminent Scotch lawyer, after which the guests ascended the broad marble staircase to one of the finest law libraries in America. The galleries were filled to overflowing, and the attention of everyone was intensely fixed upon a dais where sat a boy of nineteen, surrounded by gray-haired judges of the bench, humbly soliciting him to become a member of their law society.

A while later and dancing had begun, and as the young Prince moved in admirable time to the witching strains of Poppinberg's band it often chanced his eyes met Nora's.

Who would have imagined that the country girl's guileless gaze would accomplish more than a well-trained society manœuvre and so compel royal eyes to rest with pleasure upon her sunny face above a gown of simple white mull? In her hand was his emblem, a fan of three white plumes, tipped with gold. Perhaps it was but the natural gravitation of youth to youth.

Nora was apparently lightly chatting with her white-haired chaperone, when by the surging of the crowd in her direction she knew her chance had come. Another moment, and the heir-apparent to a kingdom on whose dominions the sun never sets was proffering his request with as modest a grace as did ever the young men claim her hand at the harvest dances in the barn at Squaw Lake farm. As Nora turned to accept the royal arm she flashed a glance at Bessie that made that loving but timorous little companion pray as she had never prayed before.

Was it the sly young Royalty's doings that half his suite was also on the floor, thereby encouraging others and diverting attention from himself? The guests, looking on with envious amazement, did not wonder at the girl's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, in face of the honor paid her, a nobody, by one who, as a boy, was "father to the first gentleman in Europe."

But Nora, with the memory of Paul's dear face as she last saw it, saw only in the Prince one who could help her to win the prize of her life. Under cover of the dreamy music, the flashing of passing jewels, the ripples of low laughter, as the guests glided around the ball-room floor, she told her story to her boyish partner, whose face was turned devotedly to hers, praying him to interpose his royal favor in her cousin's behalf.

The dance was ended, and when the Prince had led her back to little Bessie, whose part in the plot of the evening Nora had also told him, he murmured, bending low with as reverential a homage

as ever afterward he rendered to the lovely Princess of Denmark:

"There are three of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects whom I shall never forget."

On Wednesday, the 12th of September, 1890, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, stood on the rear of the royal car which was to convey him east to the United States. Thousands crowded the amphitheater to catch a last glimpse of their future king. Close to the car stood a group of three: a young man between two girls. The Prince saw them, saw the grateful tears in the bonny eyes of Nora, saw Bessie's color come and go as she looked at him and then at her brother, and bared his young head with a smile so pleased and satisfied that an old woman called out:

"God bless your Highness, and bring you safe home to your mother!"

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From the Advertiser, Hartland, N.B.

The Advertiser has come across still another instance of the remarkable curative powers of the famous Canadian remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. William Tedlie of Lower Brighton, a prominent lumberman and farmer, came very near being a cripple from rheumatism, the dread disease so prevalent along the St. John River. Mr. Tedlie is now 65 years of age. Five years ago he was taken with the first symptoms of rheumatism—over exposure, the stream drives and the general hard life of the lumberman, paved the way for the lodgement of the excruciating disease. The symptoms first manifest were pains through the legs, arms and hands. Gradually conditions grew worse. At intervals there would be an abatement of the malady, but for months each year he was very nearly helpless. The pain was so agonizing that sleep was out of the question, and to work was impossible. The afflicted man had so often read of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases similar to his own that he resolved to try them. He says, however, that he was not hopeful of receiving much benefit, as he had tried many medicines without any good result following.

He began the use of the Pills and by the time a couple of boxes were used he found they were helping him. Thus encouraged he continued the use of the medicine and gradually the pains and soreness left him, he was able to sleep soundly, and enjoyed an excellent appetite. In fact, after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for less than two months Mr. Tedlie says he found himself in the best of health. He is now a warm friend of this great medicine and urges similar sufferers not to experiment with other medicines, but at once begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and disease depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

At nine o'clock that same evening, among the line of carriages that whirled up to Osgoode Hall was one containing "Mrs. Moore and Miss Mona Moore."

Along the beautiful corridors of Caen stone swept Canada's wealth and fashion, put forth with its mightiest efforts. First came the reading of the address of welcome in the main atrium by her eminent Scotch lawyer, after which the guests ascended the broad marble staircase to one of the finest law libraries in America. The galleries were filled to overflowing, and the attention of everyone was intensely fixed upon a dais where sat a boy of nineteen, surrounded by gray-haired judges of the bench, humbly soliciting him to become a member of their law society.

A while later and dancing had begun, and as the young Prince moved in admirable time to the witching strains of Poppinberg's band it often chanced his eyes met Nora's.

Who would have imagined that the country girl's guileless gaze would accomplish more than a well-trained society manœuvre and so compel royal eyes to rest with pleasure upon her sunny face above a gown of simple white mull? In her hand was his emblem, a fan of three white plumes, tipped with gold. Perhaps it was but the natural gravitation of youth to youth.

Nora was apparently lightly chatting with her white-haired chaperone, when by the surging of the crowd in her direction she knew her chance had come. Another moment, and the heir-apparent to a kingdom on whose dominions the sun never sets was proffering his request with as modest a grace as did ever the young men claim her hand at the harvest dances in the barn at Squaw Lake farm. As Nora turned to accept the royal arm she flashed a glance at Bessie that made that loving but timorous little companion pray as she had never prayed before.

Was it the sly young Royalty's doings that half his suite was also on the floor, thereby encouraging others and diverting attention from himself? The guests, looking on with envious amazement, did not wonder at the girl's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, in face of the honor paid her, a nobody, by one who, as a boy, was "father to the first gentleman in Europe."

But Nora, with the memory of Paul's dear face as she last saw it, saw only in the Prince one who could help her to win the prize of her life. Under cover of the dreamy music, the flashing of passing jewels, the ripples of low laughter, as the guests glided around the ball-room floor, she told her story to her boyish partner, whose face was turned devotedly to hers, praying him to interpose his royal favor in her cousin's behalf.

The dance was ended, and when the Prince had led her back to little Bessie, whose part in the plot of the evening Nora had also told him, he murmured, bending low with as reverential a homage

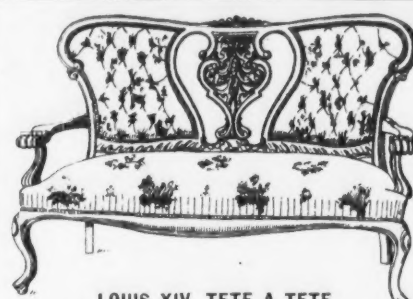
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Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

An Historical Watch.

THERE is preserved in my Canadian family a heavy, old-fashioned gold watch with a rather remarkable history, says a writer in a New York paper. It timed a cavalry charge at the Battle of Minden in 1759, when the allied English and German troops, under the Duke of Brunswick, gained a decisive victory over the French. And it was stolen by a highwayman and recovered from him in an interesting way. Its owner was traveling in England in the good old stage coach, for railways were then unknown. A troop of masked highwaymen surrounded the coach, called on the occupants to throw up their hands, and took everything they could find, including the watch in question.

Among the possessions of the owner of the time-piece were a number of toys which he was taking to his children for Christmas presents. One of the highwaymen became much interested in these playthings, and especially in a wooden toy with a monkey which could easily be made to slide and move about. While he was playing with this toy a sudden gust of wind lifted up the mask he wore, and, as the moon just then came out from behind a dark cloud, the owner caught a glimpse of the face of the robber, who instantly put the mask in place with the remark: "That is not fair, sir."

About a year afterward the owner recognized an English fair the highwayman whose face he had seen when he was robbed of his watch. He immediately approached him, and said: "I want you to give me back my watch."

The highwayman at first looked surprised, and said: "You are mistaken, sir; I know nothing about your watch."

"No," said the owner, "I am not mistaken," and he imitated to the highwayman the motion of pushing the monkey along the toy stick.

The highwayman laughed and said, "I see you are a gentleman, sir; meet me at your house at eight o'clock this evening, and I shall hand you back your watch, provided you ask no questions and give me a guinea."

The owner did so and received back his watch in good order. His descendants naturally value it very much.

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Fur Catalogue "B"

Many out-of-town readers of SATURDAY NIGHT may be as interested in a fine collection of stylish high quality furs as we are showing as people at home. Drop a card for our new fur catalogue; it's a complete price list and model book of all the new, stylish fur garments in all the favorite furs and combinations—and we'll warrant you can be as well served as though you visited our warerooms and made a personal selection. We send goods on approval and we cheerfully refund your money if you send it for any garment that does not meet your expectation. If you want a garment made to order, tell us what you'd like and ask for a self-measurement card.

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It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

See and get it, all druggists.
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AFTER ALL.

BY KATRINA TRANK IN HARPER'S MONTHLY.

"BUT you are not listening!" Helen Fairfax turned her eyes back to her lover with a murmured "Forgive me." They were earnest eyes, shining with a tremulous love-light. Harold Ford would have waged war with mighty forces to rekindle them had their lamps burned low. But man too readily adjusts himself to blessings; the glory of life—after the first rapturous surprise—becomes too frequently a matter of course. We take the sun and the moon and the stars for granted, because we see them every day and every night.

"Well, as I was saying," Harold went on, "it seems to me that argument is unanswerable—but one cannot tell. At any rate, whether I win the case or not, it will be the most important thing I have done so far."

"I know it, dear," and Helen's hand wooed his. "How I should love to hear you! I can see the very way you will stand—your head thrown back," and she looked proudly at the man before her.

He was a man well worthy of her look—true, steadfast, virile, able. Whatever pride she might have in him, for the moment, was always only the reflex of a larger pride which reached far into his future. "Now, if you are interested, Helen, I will outline my speech to you."

"Interested!" Harold, how can you say "if?"

Harold wondered himself how it had come about that he could say it. She was in all things his comrade as well as his love—that had been the matchless wonder of their life; it had not been an ecstasy of sense only—a rapturous delight alone. Their life had been trine; each side of the man had been met, shared, stimulated. She was a clever girl, with keen mind and keener intuition; and he had grown into the habit of talking to her freely of his life, his profession, in a way that surprised himself.

He was honest enough and generous enough to recognize the immense help that it was to him; not only for the striking suggestions born of her intuition, but because her concentrated attention was a warmth that brought his own thought to fuller blossom.

But to-night her attention wandered. To-night of all nights! To-morrow he was to sum up his great case. Surely a woman should share the self-denial of a man's destiny. Was Helen, after all, like other women—given to moods, absorbed in the subjective—when the veil was lifted?

They had been engaged six months; each day had been a fuller revelation of her nature. Was this the nearer view? Ah, no! banish the thought. Helen was Helen—there was no more to be said.

He took up the lines of the argument of his case and stated them to her, clearly, concisely, as though she were a man.

This time her eyes did not wander from his face; they deepened, their pupils growing larger as she gazed. How handsome he looked! How alert! How alive! How could she keep at this wide distance? How incidental and how futile sounded all that rapid flow of words! When would he have done, that she might throw herself upon his breast?

"Don't you think so?" he asked her suddenly.

"Oh, Harold! I did not hear what you were saying."

"Not hear what I was saying? Haven't you been following?"

"Partly."

"Partly?" Heavens! Helen, is it a thing to listen to in part? A woman should share the life—the work of a man she loves. There was an asperity in the tone that tingled through Helen from head to foot. Her spirit rose.

"Do I not feel that?"

"So I thought, always, but the final test is the proof. I never needed your cooperation more—your intellectual sympathy more—than I do to-night. You know

how hard I have been working on this case; you know what a notable case it is. You know, also, that the eyes of the legal world are upon me. My summing up to-morrow will be a crisis in the beginning of my career. Could you not follow me—help me by your sympathy—your interest?" He waited to see the flash of protest in her eyes—for some little lance that she would thrust to cross his own.

Instead, she nestled her head into the curve of his shoulder, and whispered, "I love you—I love you."

This was undeniably delicious, but for the moment to Harold, under the domination of his work, mastered wholly by the immediate sway of his vigorous intellect, it seemed irrelevant, or—if not just that—propitiatory. There was something to be said first, before he yielded himself to the delights of love. He waited a moment, wondering how to phrase it; she helped him by her added whisper before he had time to speak:

"Forgive me. I am moody to-night—very moody and absent-minded."

"We have no right to be moody nor absent-minded, dear," he answered, seriously, "where another's interests are involved. It is a sign of weakness." He was older than she—should he not guide her? Stronger than she—should he not strengthen her? "And—there is something besides love. A strong woman should keep even love at bay when a man has work to do—not lure him nor tempt him with it. I do not like to say it, sweetheart, but—I love you—and the wounds of a friend are faithful. I am disappointed at your failure to sympathize with my work to-night."

Two big tears welled in her eyes, but she said no word. Had Harold Ford been a hero, a knight of chivalry, he would have stopped not in his quest until he had found the source of those two tears; he was, however, only a very busy man of the nineteenth century—not that the two are altogether incompatible, but the combination is rare, and Harold did not happen to be both in the fullest sense; furthermore, he was deeply absorbed in an immediate practical affair. I grieve to say her striking irritation him a trifle. It was striking eleven-thirty, and time for him to leave her. Though he said no more, and his good-night salutation lacked nothing outwardly, there was a mental reservation which, to the psychic sense of Helen, robbed it of its fullest bliss.

"Six o'clock to-morrow, dear," he repeated, as he went out the door.

"Six o'clock to-morrow," she answered. "Did her voice quiver, or was it fancy? He was conscious of saying to himself, as he ran down the steps, 'Are all women alike, I wonder—after all—tears and moods?'"

The following afternoon, in the gathering dusk, he mounted the steps again. His attitude had changed. The stress and irritation of an absorbing effort had given place to a buoyant reaction. He had won his case, and won it in so brilliant a way that the triumph was the smallest part of his self-congratulation. Even the judge had said words to make a young man's heart take courage. But what were the words, what was the triumph, what was anything until he had shared it with Helen? He could see her in the gathering dusk, as he waited, her eyes glistening delight! He could hear her vibrant "Harold!" Poor child, had he been harsh last night? Ah, no! only impatient for a moment—and frank, to make her the utmost that she was capable of being. His wounds had been like those strokes of Michael Angelo setting free the angel. If they had hurt her, he knew a potent balm to heal, to make her rejoice at every stroke.

Why was the servant so eternally long in opening the door? How slow they were! He rang again.

"Tell Miss Fairfax I am here."

"Yes, sir." The servant stood silent and awkward.

Harold wanted to quicken him with a thrust; what was the matter with him? Harold walked into the library; the light was burning low; the servant followed him, and closed the door with an air of mystery that gave Harold a mingled shock of impatience and of fear.

"I was to give you this, sir, when you came," and the man held out a letter.

"Is Miss Fairfax not at home?"

"She is at home, sir."

"Then tell her at once that I am here."

"Yes, sir."

Harold was alone with his letter; he broke the seal and read:

MIDNIGHT.

You have gone, and yet you are still here—so close to me that I can see your eyes and feel your touch—oh, Harold! Forgive me that I was not more as I should have been this evening, but—I was a coward. You know, I have not been quite well for some weeks. Yesterday I saw a specialist. He told me I had a most serious difficulty, and that I must have a dangerous operation at once, if I would save my life. To-morrow!

I implored him to wait, but he leaves town in a few days, and if I do not have it to-morrow, it could not be performed for two months, and that is too long to wait, he says; so there was no other way. To-morrow! The day—our day!—when you are to vindicate my pride and hope in you; the day we have waited for so proudly. There was but one impulse strong within me, almost overmastering—to fly to the shelter of your arms—to drink your sympathy, for which I am thirsty. But how could I tell you, when it might imperil your calm, your poise—undo all you have worked for—hamper your ascent, in which to-morrow will be a stepping-stone! No. You must not know. Your heart is too tender, I am too much your own for you to stand up in court and plead for legal abstractions when I am lying under the knife.

And so I did not tell you. And then—I could not be a real heroine and make no sign. I puzzled you, troubled you, seemed to fail you to-night—the night of all others when you most needed my help, my objective sympathy.

Harold! I quite understand how I must have seemed to you—how disappointing. It could not have been otherwise, when you did not know. And though your words hurt me, I honored you for saying them; for unto what end is our love, if we are not to strengthen each other in our ideals?

And I failed so lamentably. Shall I tell you why? I am afraid, Harold—so afraid, I dread to-morrow. If you had asked me to tell you why I was moody, I fear I should have done so. I was glad you did not—

and sorry—can you understand? I am only a weak woman, though I am your love.

I half hoped you would make me tell you all my heart—but now I am glad you do not know! You will have no shadow on your way to-morrow, and when you receive this it will be all behind us; it will have been over seven hours, for the operation takes place at eleven o'clock.

Good-night! Good-by! I love you—it seems to me that I love you in a new way to-night. Harold! Harold! I must call you back and tell you, and feel your strength to make me strong; but no. I am your love! I must be brave! And then—why should I fear!

God's in His heaven—All's right with the world!

HELEN.

He crushed the letter in his hand, and reached the door with one bound, like an animal in chase. She was his own; his place was by her side; no man could keep him from her. As he opened the door he came face to face with her father.

"Harold, my dear fellow—"

"Let me go to her! and Harold tried to pass. Mr. Fairfax put his arm across the door.

"No, you must not now; the doctors are with her; they will let no one in, not even me, and I am her father. She has not rallied as they expected; and, Harold, my boy, we must stand by each other."

A withering quiet, like a blight, fell upon Harold. It seemed to paralyze his powers of motion and of speech; after a moment he heard himself saying, in a voice that sounded like a stranger's,

"What—do—these—the doctors—say?"

Mr. Fairfax looked at him pityingly, his own anguish stamped white upon his face. "Dr. Gray says there is no hope. My God! Harold! don't look like that! Doctors aren't infallible; and McMillan, the man who performed the operation, says the chances are in her favor."

With a luncheon.

A pleasant affair took place recently when the large wine and liquor house of Lawrence A. Wilson & Co. of Montreal was formally opened. Mr. Wilson took the opportunity of inviting all his friends to accept his hospitality, and inspect the new premises.

Mayor Prefontaine presided at the luncheon, and among the two hundred guests present were: Mr. C. Beauséjour, M.P., Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, M.P., Hon. James McShane, ex-Ald. Gauthier, Mr. M. B. Davis and Hon. G. A. Nantel. Many pleasing speeches were made, and it is needless to say that Mr. Wilson's reply was to the point and brought forth rounds of applause.

The stock carried by the firm is the largest and best that money could buy. All Europe has been laid under tribute; Spain sends her sherris, Portugal her port, Holland her gins, Scotland her whiskies, and so on down the list till all the wines and liquors of the civilized world have been represented.

To Canada the Credit.

Canadian Gazette.

The Duke of Norfolk, who visited Lytham on Saturday, disclaimed any credit for the establishment of an Imperial penny postage, saying it was due to the progressive spirit of Canada. It would be unfair if he did not at once shift the credit from his shoulders to his brother Postmaster-General of Canada.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

On the Links.

From Harper's Bazar.

Miss Adept (with friendly interest)—Been playing golf, eh? What did you do it in?

Miss First Time Round—Do it in? Oh, my old black bicycle skirt and a short waist.

How Much Do You Weigh?

Thinness is wasting. Wasting is tearing down. Scott's Emulsion builds up; it never makes waste. It will give you rich blood and bring back your weight.

Mr. A.—So that's the girl he's engaged to! I thought these blond men always chose brunettes! Miss B.—Ah, she was originally a brunette!—Punch.

"She sent my letter back unopened."

"Why?" "She said the postman who delivered it kicked her dog.—Chicago Record.

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THE DRAMA



LD-TIMERS who had cherished a taste for Sol Smith Russell's quaint character sketches, and new-timers who had accepted the tradition of their elders, filled the Grand on three evenings of last week to welcome Uncle Dick. Uncle Dick is an American Mephistopheles, if anyone can imagine such a freak. He has American ideas of the Mephistophelean business. Not one poor vain Faust, and one unwise Gretchen, and one chubby Martha satisfy him. He wants to drive six-in-hand to the infernal regions of broken hearts and shattered ideals. He has been there, and knows the down hill road, and he returns, after his life lesson, to the home of his boyhood, to find six persons more than ready to put on bit and bridle. Sol Smith Russell can play any old thing, so he succeeded in playing Uncle Dick, which, by the way, Martha Morton should be punished for adapting from the German. It isn't a good thing to adapt. The professor, the artist, the factory girl who has achieved a rich marriage and waltz-champagne and *pate de foie gras*, instead of cakes and ale; her absurd daughter, who believes herself an inspired artist and elocutionist; the ambitious brother—one by one succumb to the most palpably absurd terms. Mr. Mephistopheles Russell desires to add the sixth victim to his bag, and prepares a net for the innocent feet of the maiden lady who was and is his sweetheart, but instead of catching her she basks him, and in a chorus of reproaches from his victims the American Mephisto says, "Pshaw, I was only foolin'. I am a rich man!" and everyone gets his soul back, and keeps the price of it as well. It was an "awfully lovely" play. People giggled at the sentiment—one always giggles at German sentiment. Sol Smith Russell giggled beautifully at it himself. I have not seen anything so stupid or more utterly uninteresting in years, but we propped our eyelids open because Sol Smith Russell was smiling his quaint and wonderful smile, and gyrating around in his apologetic sidelong way, and we liked to watch him and remember his other plays. Consequently we clapped for him to come before the curtain and make an excuse for that play, and he did so, assuring us that it wasn't finally fixed and that they were going to change it a good deal. That was the crowning touch and we laughed till we cried.

The Cummings Stock Company this week attempts something of a heavier nature than it has yet done. The Iron Master has a heavy sound, a strong, determined sound, prearranging as a title a play dealing with the clash of wills, the contest between pride and impulse, honor and natural instinct, and all those opposing forces with which we torture ourselves that our self-respect may be retained. The company presenting the Iron Master this week do it well enough, but I think that Miss Florence Stone as Claire is the only one who catches the true spirit of the play. Mr. Stuart is sometimes, but not always, convincing to adopt an affectation of the discriminating writers of analytical nonsense in the illustrated magazines. The plot deals with a young woman who marries the wrong man in a fit of pique; he learns of it, and tells her that they will live side by side but far apart; she falls in love with her husband but he grudgingly repels her advances. But why the mischief did the husband (the Iron Master) get mad in the second act when he found that his wife didn't marry him for love? Didn't he know that she gobbled him up because the other fellow jilted her? She did not accept him; she grabbed him.

In the third act the wife has fallen in love with her husband—a curiously perverted state of affairs. He, however, preserves a front as cold and hard as the iron in which he deals, and she can find no opportunity of showing she has changed. Then her brother and his sister tell of their love for each other and ask her to get the Master's sanction. She sees in this a way to break through the icy formality of their usual intercourse, and con-

sents to try. She does so and he refuses. His sister must not make the relationship between his family and her own any closer than it unfortunately is. In vain she implores him not to allow wrong-doing on her part to make others unhappy. But he will not budge. Then in a fit of desperation and jealousy, and a longing to bring matters to a crisis, she publicly commands the wife of her cousin, who has been torturing her all through the play and is now carrying on a flirtation with her husband, to leave the house. It does bring on a crisis. The two husbands, to uphold their curious ideas of honor, decide to fight a duel. And then there is a duel scene, all so very formal and unnaturally polite that one scarcely knows whether to laugh or to be impatient, it is so artificial and unlike what an honest fight should be according to the animal instincts within us. Well, the wife rushes in between as fire—or rather, as the cousin fires, for the husband throws up his pistol in time—and receives the shot intended for her husband. The next instant she is in his arms and the reconciliation has taken place. Whether all is now happy or not, whether The Iron Master is a "domestic emotional comedy" or a tragedy; whether Claire lives or dies from the wound we do not know, for here the play ends, and the curtain drops. It is not an entirely satisfactory ending, nor, indeed, is the play itself entirely satisfactory. It is powerful, but, to quote our friend again, it is not convincing.

Some of the daily papers express surprise that The Female Drummer has failed to draw very big houses at the Grand this week. Perhaps it is not impossible to find the reason if a genuine search is made for it. The play is bright, lively and well put on, but that is not everything. The Grand Opera House is the leading theater of the city, and depends not on crowded houses, but on the quality of its audiences, which are made up of people who pay one dollar and upwards for seats. It bids for the high-class business of the city and gets a good deal of it, and necessarily its patrons are harder to suit than are ordinary theater-goers. The Female Drummer is not exactly the thing that the ladies of Toronto are sighing for. Sol Smith Russell, even in a poor play, suits the local taste much better. The leading character in the Drummer is a smart man-woman, whose stride and get-up may amuse the men but not the women. Here and there through the piece are sheer vulgarisms, or worse, that appeal to the humor of crude persons only. There is an evident desire to be naughty—to skate very near the edge—to say, suggest and do something a bit risky. The floor-walker hanging a couple of placards on the baby-carriage are cases in point, and not even new transgressions, either. I may be wrong in supposing that Toronto people are out of touch with this sort of thing, but I hope not. The Female Drummer is a bright entertainment, but it is too anxious to amuse.

At the Toronto Opera House this week we have an old friend. The Irish comedian is a hard-worked article of Yankee make. There are a few of him manufactured in England, but in New York is the main factory and head office. He comes in two lots, the so-called monkey-faced and the plain—though for that matter the latter term generally describes both. The baboon species has a fringe of red whiskers extending from the chin to each ear. The plain kind is taller, but not so woolly. Both wear plug hats and misfit clothes and talk a dialect coined by themselves for professional purposes, and which is sometimes very un-*Erin-like*.

Bobby Gaylor, the "candidate" at the Toronto this week, is one of the first in the Irish business. Although the graft is not as amusing as it once was, still Bobby is always amusing to some and, what is a deal more flattering, sometimes amusing to all. Frank Lalor, as his henchman, plays a good second and lives up to the traditions of the aburn-fringed species of Irish comedians. McCrory's Twins is not the vehicle of a serious purpose. There is not a problem in it, with the exception, perhaps, as to what it is all about, but it helps to keep the Irish comedian business booming and that is an industry that must not be allowed to languish. As I said last week, Bobby Gaylor is the funniest stage Irishman that comes to Toronto.

Manager Sheppard presents the real dramatic treat of the season in the appearance of Miss Julia Arthur next week at the Grand Opera House. Her engagement is for three nights, Thursday, Friday and Saturday and Saturday matinee, October 13, 14, 15, when she will again give us an opportunity to see her magnificent portrayal of the role of the dashing, hoydenish Clo Wildairs in *A Lady of Quality* for the first two nights and Saturday matinee. On Saturday night Miss Arthur will present Ingomar. To judge by the great demand for places to see Miss Arthur, it is evident that the few performances she was able to give last season have endeared her to the hearts of theater-goers in Toronto second to no other star now visiting this city. It is evident that nothing will be left undone to welcome Miss Arthur back to us and to give her one of the most noticeable and memorable receptions ever given a star, next Thursday night. It is a source of pleasure to theater-goers, perhaps, to know that the brilliant predictions made last season for the beautiful young star have been more than verified. Her success in New York, which followed her appearance here, was phenomenal, and takes rank as the most pronounced of the theatrical firmament, and her announcement to devote her entire season henceforth to the classical drama has been received with great approbation by the public who recognize that she is equipped with no other actress now before the public to impersonate heroines of romance. Miss Arthur's production of Ingomar is said to

be equally as magnificent as is her production of *A Lady of Quality*.

Miss Arthur's present supporting company is even stronger than that seen with her last year. Her present company numbers Mr. W. S. Hart, who was so long connected as leading man with Modjeska and Rhea. The balance of the company includes Messrs. White Whittelsey, Robert McWade, Thos. Bridgeland, Joseph Allen, Hgrace Lewis, W. J. Thorold, Herbert Fortier, William Herbert, Marcori Moriarty, Albert Brown, L. J. Fuller, Miss Florence Connon, Ethel Knight Mollison, Marie Bingham and Marie Tunison.

Mr. Small of the Toronto Opera House has shown that he means to maintain his record of high-class attractions for this season by announcing Joseph Ott, the comedian, as the next attraction. Several seasons have passed since Joseph Ott has been seen in this city, but his great success in The Star Gazer will be not soon forgotten by those who laughed uproariously at his absurdities in the stellar role of that piece. The friends made by Mr. Ott at that time will be glad to know that the comedian has this season been fitted out with an entirely new play, Looking For Trouble, a production which New York critics have declared to be ahead of The Star Gazer. The play has more plot and more reason for its existence than the majority of farce comedies. The story is that of a respected, staid citizen who takes advantage of the absence of his wife to visit a music hall and his entanglement with one of the female performers and subsequent deliverance from his wife's wrath, through the aid of a prospective son-in-law, form the basis of the three acts through which the play runs. One of the scenes is laid at Tampa Bay, Florida, and there is a pretty stage setting showing the bay and the United States fleet in the distance. That Looking For Trouble is thoroughly up-to-date is proven by the fact that the lover in the play is a Roosevelt Rough Rider. In Mr. Ott's company are some very well known people, among them Burt Jordan, Violet Montross, Edgar St. George, Edna Barclay, Miriam Martell, Louise Hilliard, Abbott Davison and John Reidy. Looking For Trouble will run for the week at the Toronto.

A great deal of the success of The Girl From Paris is due to the unconventionalality of its theme, the witty dialogue of the book, and the tuneful music, which is so catchy that it remains reminiscent with the jistener. A much-quoted line in the piece, "It is to laugh," suggests the object, which is indeed fully carried out. This production was one of the hits of the season at the Grand Opera House last year. The talented company has been strengthened this season by the addition of Miss Delia Stacey and a number of the other principals of the original New York cast. Miss Stacey is well known in Toronto, especially to members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. She is a daughter of the late Col. M. H. Stacey, U.S.A., for many years in command of Fort Ontario at Oswego, the favorite rendezvous of the yachtsmen on the south side of the lake. When Col. Stacey died the Royal Canadian Yacht Club sent resolutions of condolence to his widow and children. Miss Stacey plays the leading role in The Girl From Paris, which is to be the attraction at the Grand Opera House the first three nights of next week, and during her brief engagement in Toronto she will doubtless be a prominent figure in social circles.

The Cummings Stock Company comes to the front next week with what will undoubtedly prove the biggest attraction ever offered at the Princess. Trilby will be the attraction—Du Maurier's own version, which was dramatized by Paul Potter, and which has, as is well known, proved the greatest dramatic success of the present decade. The Cummings Company should give a really magnificent production of this great play, as the cast seems a most ideal one. In the first place, Miss Florence Stone is the Trilby—the same figure, size and features as described in the well known novel. It has been Miss Stone's desire ever since the book was written and the play originally produced, to appear in this role. She has made a careful study of the character long ago, and this will be her first opportunity to play the part. Mr. Ralph Stuart will appear as the extraordinary Svenzali, one of his biggest successes and in which character he has, it is said, been compared favorably with the best. Mr. Robert Cummings appears as Taffy, Mr. Cecil Kingston as The Laird, Barry O'Neill as Little Billee, Thomas J. Grady as Zou-Zou, Miss Lillian Andrews as Madame Vinard. The play will be elaborately staged, and Manager Cummings promises a positive treat for his patrons. Trilby will run for one week only.

Mr. Frank Yeigh has arranged a most attractive list of subjects for his popular illustrated lectures for the coming season. They are: Imperial Canada, Memories of the Motherland, Britain's Girdle of the Globe, The Art Cities of Italy, The Highways of Europe, and Norway. Mr. Yeigh will give the first presentation of Imperial Canada in Association Hall on Thursday evening, October 13, for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A.

Dr. Carlyle's dramatic class has been re-organized for the season at the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street. Two plays have been cast for fall appearances of the club, and rehearsals began last Saturday. Farce, comedy and serious drama are included in the work of the club. Those desirous of being cast in the early productions should attend the rehearsal to-night.

Jacob Litt has secured a big thing in Sporting Life, an English melodrama of the race course. It was put on at the New York Academy of Music a few nights ago, and is said to possess scenes that are very realistic and in some cases highly spectacular.



AS was expected the fall race meeting of the Toronto Hunt surpassed any turf gathering ever held at a similar time of the year. In Canada. The weather had a great deal to do with this, for it was superb. On only one day did the gods try to mar the sport, and on that occasion it was only with varying success. The meeting was a treat to those who all year have been compelled to be content with the events served up by a syndicate.

The speculators noticed the difference in quotations; it was not a one-book ring. But it was from a social standpoint that the meeting was a distinct success. Wealth and beauty could be seen everywhere, and one had only to look at the members' lawn to notice that Canada was a prosperous country and Toronto its greatest racing town.

The course after the first few days was in good condition and the steeplechase field was always safe. Never since the track was opened has there been such steeplechasing. Populist and Master Fred have few equals when it comes to racing over the jumps. It is a question whether any "lepper" ever seen at the track could beat this pair, with the exception of Lion Heart when he was at his best.

The mention of Lion Heart's name recalls the sad performances at the recent meeting of his once great rival, Red Pat. The former champion of the Daves' string has been a cripple all year and it is almost a pity to force him to race.

In the gentlemen races Mr. Reinhardt was markedly successful with the former Seagram three-year-old, Romancer. He won twice, the first a six furlong dash in the mud, and the second a mile and a quarter race on a dry track. In both events he won by a block. This colt, Romancer, has furnished into a first-rate three-year-old, and if his owner saw fit to start him, can win races apart from those in which the contestants must be qualified hunters.

The officials apart from the starter deserve commendation, but it must be said that Mr. Pettigill has developed a habit of sending the animals away in Indian file. Now, although the racing here was good, the horses are not of the class that race in the East. In fact, they scarcely class at all, and this being the case, the result of a race very often depends on its conditions and the work of the starter. For instance, there were races at Woodbine where as many as five horses were played consistently to win, it being almost impossible to separate them on form. Each man had a right to a fair start, but in five cases out of six this was something he did not get from Mr. Pettigill.

Take, for instance, the seventh race on Saturday. It looked as though the horses had been sent away in two divisions. The second race was almost as bad. By George was almost left at the post, and Laurentian, on which there was a heavy play, was back in seventh place when the flag dropped. This start, by the way, spoiled a killing, for By George had been played heavily in the foreign pool rooms, and by a few speculators at the track who did not think that Weller was due to win. The ride Williams gave the latter was awful, and would lead to more searching enquiries at a metropolitan track. In this instance the disqualification of his horse, which finished second, was deemed sufficient.

Had By George managed to break second or third or next to Weller he would have won, but the gap that the starter left between him and the flying leaders was too great for Sheridan to overcome, and he could not do better than finish fifth after making up a lot of ground. Mr. Hendrie's Wait-a-Bit, a neat little filly that has been placed five times out of six starts this year, won the race.

Of the horses at the track, Mr. Adam Beck's South Africa made a record by winning every time he started, and beating some of the best horses at the track. His run of six furlongs in 1.15, when Cogmoosie shoved him in, was one of the best performances of the meeting. Cogmoosie is a good horse, and it was more hard luck than lack of speed that kept him from winning more money.

Bon Ino showed herself to be the best racer of the Seagram string and won two good races. In the first she was thrown in at exceedingly light weight for a horse that had been winning from high-class horses in the East, but in the second she and Ed. Farrell were nicely handicapped and she won again. After this second victory, she was handicapped out, but ran pluckily always.

The "killing" of the meeting was made by Harry Stover, to whom reference was made in this column some time ago. His mare, Lizzie Kelly, won handsily at odds of 8 to 1, and was backed all over the ring.

At the meeting just closed Canadians were given positions as clerks and pencilers in the books, but they are now out of work, as at the Windsor meeting which opened on Tuesday none but Yankees need apply. To the best of my knowledge only two Canadians have been allowed to work, and the embryonic bookmakers hereabouts, who are not so lucky as Herbert Frankland and George Forbes, are much in favor of an alien law which will prevent their rivals from earning money in Windsor every day and spending it in Detroit every night. But such are the workings of syndicates.

The two leading winners at the meeting are both Canadians, Mr. Seagram and Mr. Beck, the former with \$1,615 and the latter with \$1,350. Next comes F. Martin with \$775, W. H. Laird, \$775; Dolan and Rivard, \$650; P. M. Clivill, \$635; A. S. Shields, \$625, and H. N. Stover, \$425. Lothair Reinhardt's two victories on Ro-

mancer netted him \$375, and W. C. Hayes won a similar amount. Powers heads the list of jockeys with seven victories. Mason comes second with five, and Songer and Sheridan have four each to their credit. Valentine, Ross and Castro were each first twice.

Castro's victories were on Carlotta C. and these furnished one of the peculiar episodes of the meeting. This mare, owned by W. H. Laird, won her first race here at the comfortable odds of 30 to 1, and her owner bet only five dollars. He intended to play her on the following day and tried to have her scratched on the day of her first victory, but did not succeed. Her showing was so good that when she came out the second time the odds against her were only 6 to 5. In her last race at Fort Erie Carlotta C. finished away back in a race won by Lady Irene, with Halton second and Farm Life third. In her race here she beat Lady Irene in a walk, all of which goes to show that she was a "pretty good thing." At Woodbine she won at the wrong time.

Leo Lake, the only horse at Woodbine who ever ran Saragossa to a head when that Canadian champion was fit to race, won a good contest, beating Albert S. and Beau Ideal. On the last day of the meeting he was heavily played at 6 to 5, but Mr. Pettigill did not seem to realize that thousands of dollars had been wagered on the horse and Leo was sent off in such a bad position that he could not do better than finish third.

On the Links.



Mr. W. A. H. Kerr, Ex-Champion Canadian Golf Association.

ex-champions was sufficient to ensure the highest standard of play. Among them were: W. A. H. Kerr, Toronto, until last week champion of Canada; Stewart Gillespie, Quebec, amateur champion of Canada in 1896; F. G. H. Pattison of Hamilton, for three years champion of the Cambridge, England, team; A. W. Smith, whose record as an invincible golfer extends back many years, and to the Scottish and English links as well as the first amateur champion of the United States Golf Association, and one of the four left in the finals for the United States championship on the Morris County links last month; and H. J. Whigham, amateur champion of the United States until Findlay Douglas won the honor from him in September. With so many really first-class players matched against each other the games were all bound to be exciting, and hundreds were present every day to watch how events were going.

In the Canadian championship event every match was watched with keen interest by the friends of Mr. Lyon and those of Mr. Kerr. In the first round Mr. Kerr played steadily and well, easily defeating Mr. Mickle of Toronto by 6 up and 4 to play. His next round was against F. G. H. Pattison of Hamilton, and at the conclusion of it Mr. Kerr had lost all chance of holding the cup a second year. At the sixteenth hole he was two up. By better putting Mr. Pattison won the next two and tied the match. The odd hole went to Mr. Pattison, again by a short put of Mr. Kerr's, and the champion was out of the running. Mr. Pattison's next victory was over Mr. F. P. Betts of London, 3 up and 2 to play, followed in the semi-finals by his defeat of the famous A. W. Smith by two up. The match was a splendid one, on the whole played beautifully by both, but Mr. Smith lost again and again on the green. His putting was very uncertain, whereas his drives were long and clean and straight, and his iron shots very accurate. In his final matches Mr. Pattison gradually fell off, and in the last two rounds his play was not nearly up to what it was the first two days. He had had only something under two weeks' practice this season, and was consequently unequal to a protracted siege. Mr. Lyon's play, on the other hand, was perfect throughout the Canadian championship event. In the preliminary round his score was the record one, and from that, straight to the final round that left him amateur champion for 1898, little fault could be found with his play. He excels in driving, is very accurate in measuring and judging of distance, and has a talent for getting his ball well out of the most awkward lies. Possibly one secret of his success is in the fact that he never gets nervous. Mr. Pattison seemed to lose heart in the face of defeat. Mr. Smith, who is usually so strong in putting, lost several times on the green with his ball only a few feet from the hole. Mr. Kerr seemed to be affected in the same way, and just at a critical moment when nerve would have won, he lost. Mr. Lyon seemed absolutely unaffected by the crowds that followed, and played steadily along with a sang-froid

that helped him most successfully to capture the championship. His first round was with H. W. Mickle, Toronto Club, whom he defeated by 6 up and 4 to play. His next round was with Vere Brown, Rosedale, 3 up and 2 to play. In the third he played with J. S. Gillespie, beating him 3 up, 1 to play. In the semi-finals he defeated Dr. Hood 7 up and 5 to play, and in the finals he won from Pattison, the game standing 12 up and 11 to play.

The much-anticipated interprovincial match, with twelve good men on each side, resulted in an easy win for Ontario, making since the first match in 1882 six victories for Ontario against five for Quebec. Ontario won last week by 25 holes, but taking the aggregate for the eleven matches Quebec is still up in holes, although Ontario is up one match. Quebec has won in all 166 holes to Ontario's 143. It is not usual to carry over the holes in that way. Victories go by matches, but it is interesting to know how the two rival provinces stand with regard to the number of holes won by each. On the Ontario team in the match last week were: G. S. Lyon, Archie Kerr, F. G. Pattison, Vere Brown, G. Brown, F. Hood, W. Blake, F. P. Betts, Prof. Capon, Stewart Gordon, T. D. Law and C. Masten. Against them on the Quebec team were: A. W. Smith, who, being a member of the Quebec club as well as the Toronto, generously decided to play with what he recognized to be the weaker side, Stewart Gillespie, J. P. Taylor, Stewart Gordon, F. Standcliffe, A. Palmer, W. Watson, W. B. Scott, A. Brodie, A. Piddington, R. McCunn and L. Brown. The only three of the Quebec team who were up were A. Brodie, 2 up over Prof. Capon; J. P. Taylor, 3 up over F. G. H. Pattison; and A. W. Smith, who defeated G. S. Lyon 2 up. Mr. Gillespie and Mr. Kerr tied.

The open handicap was won by J. S. Skaff of Cobourg with a gross score of 98 and a handicap of 18. The lowest gross score was made by Mr. W. A. H. Kerr, who went around in 81, two strokes lower than A. W. Smith and three lower than G. S. Lyon.

The international match on Saturday drew a crowd of hundreds, many of whom followed the more important players, while the wiser ones stationed themselves at various points of vantage and watched all the men approach, hole out, and tee for the next flag. A long line of hundreds followed A. W. Smith and ex-champion Whigham, as much to see how the latter played as to compare the style of the two men. His play was somewhat disappointing, but his recent and exciting experiences in the Cuban war to some extent accounted for that. He went out as correspondent for two well known papers, incidentally had his eye-glasses shot off, was a prisoner of war at Matanzas, contracted malarial fever, and came back quite unfit to go in for a match at an international tournament. He played much below his usual form, but even so it was pretty to watch. His strokes are very quickly made. He barely takes time to even address his ball, and before one realizes that he is ready he has played. He does not bring his club very far back in driving, but he follows out beautifully, and is a lithe, graceful player. In spite of some exceedingly good work on the part of the Canadians, the United States won by twenty holes. Not a very overwhelming defeat, considering the full strength of the visiting team. The visitors and the home team were dined in the evening at the club house by Col. Sweny, president of the T.G.C.

Dramatic Notes.

Julia Marlowe's leading man this season will be John Blair, a recent find.

Edward Milton Royle and Selena Fetter Royle have made arrangements to appear next March in a condensed version of Captain Impudence at the Palace Music Hall, London.

Joseph Jefferson, in putting on The Rivals at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York, will be supported by Otis Skinner, Wilton Lackaye, Ffolliott Paget and Elsie Leslie.

E. S. Willard has not yet recovered from the attack of typhoid which prostrated him while on his American tour. He will spend the autumn and winter in Italy and hopes to resume acting in London next spring.

In the death of Fanny Davenport at South Duxbury, Mass., on Monday of last week, the stage on this continent loses one of its most distinguished women. Her parents were actors, Edward Loomis Davenport and Fanny Elizabeth Vining, and she was born April 10, 1850, in London, Eng. Her first great success in New York was as Mabel Renfrew in Pique.

Scott Inglis, who played the part of the Duke of Osmond in Julia Arthur's presentation of *A Lady of Quality* at the Grand Opera House last year and formed a number of Toronto friendships, committed suicide in New York on Saturday last. He failed to attend some important rehearsals and was discharged. Julia Arthur refused to re-engage him and he went to his rooms and shot himself. He was a young actor of promise.

Henry A. Jones's comedy, The Liars, has won prompt success at the Empire Theater, New York. The English company in A Brace of Partridges is drawing fine crowds to the Madison Square Theater. At Daly's Theater there is standing room only at performances of The Runaway Girl. At Wallack's The Fortune Teller, which was first tried on Toronto audiences a few weeks ago, is meeting with much favor. Big interest is aroused by Richard Mansfield's production of Cyrano de Bergerac at the Garden Theater on Monday night. A new farce entitled Hotel Topsy Turvy was put on this week at the Herald Square Theater. The Marquis of Michigan is running gamely at the Bijou. Have You Seen Smith? is a farce-comedy put on this week at the Star Theater.

SOME NOTES ON MEXICO

AWAY FROM THE USUAL LINE OF TOURIST TRAVEL.

SOMEONE has said, "The way to acquire an accurate knowledge of a country is to study the inhabitants of its frontier." In whatever sense this is meant to be applied in some cases, it does not seem to me to fill all the conditions in regard to Mexico. The frontier of any country is generally found to be occupied by those who have to some extent drifted away from the prevailing institutions of their people, and who have intermingled with, and become affected more or less by, the tide of foreign travel and adventure. This is true of Mexico all along the main lines of railway travel as well as along its frontier. For instance, every tourist who has visited Mexico will remember the array of beggars that greets all trains at every principal stopping-place. This is a needless profession, created by the easy source of revenue derived therefrom, and could not exist in the interior. There are very many places in Mexico where beggary is unknown; the haciendas, ranches, plantations and mines are generally short of labor, the best method of filling this want being more than once a subject of discussion in the different state legislatures. For those physically unable to support themselves, ample provision has been made by the public, represented by the government, so every centavo given by the thoughtless tourist is only encouraging a degrading profession that the government and better class of society in Mexico are striving to stamp out.

One of the most beautiful spots as yet unaffected by the enterprising customs or uncontaminated by the evils incident to the influx into this country from other

out of a single log, some being large enough to carry safely from ten to fifteen persons. The women take an equal share with the men in propelling them, and the paddles are totally different from any in vogue elsewhere. They are about four feet in length, and instead of having a blade like an ordinary instrument of this description, are shaped much like a railway semaphore board, or a dinner plate with handle attached. Only one piece of wood, however, is used in the making of them, and from the kneeling posture, with their short, quick, noisy strokes, it is astonishing the degree of speed they get on these rather clumsy crafts.

Before the many fast days, scores of these boats cross the lake with fish for the mainland, and during these regular market days one may often have the pleasure of watching an exciting aquatic tournament, the object being a trial of skill and strength and the goal the regular landing-place. On the occasion of this writing, two of these cayucas, each containing four young Tarascan women, happened to draw close together about one mile and a half from shore, both parties at once concluding to beat the other in. The plump dusky arms worked the whole distance like machinery, the long, blue-black hair of all the eight streaming far behind, the large black eyes flashing as they raced into the little bay, and without a pause they threw down their paddles, jumped out into the knee-deep water and ran their boats high and dry on the bank with scarcely a half-minute's advantage to either.

The principal islands in this lake are Janicho, Tecuena, Yaujeanti and Pacanda. There are twenty-two little villages on these islands and scattered along the

of the main figures is perfect. Especially noticeable is the divine face of the Madre de Dios looking with resigned sorrow on the body of her son, and the kneeling pose of Mary Magdalene contemplating the cruel crown.

In this church the first mass was said, five years after the conquest, by Archbishop Don Vasco de Quiroga. Tariacuri, king of the Tarascans, about twenty-five years before Cortez came, lived at this village of Tzintzuntzan; also Calzuntzin, their last king, who disappeared in the mountains when the Spaniards overran the country, and for whom many of the natives are still looking to reappear and assert his former rights and power.

These Tarascans were fine fighting men, and like the Yaks and some other tribes in the western and south-eastern interior, hardly yet acknowledge the present universal supremacy.

Their religion is nominally Roman Catholic, of course, each village having its own little church; but they still cling to many of their old superstitions. The idols were hidden in the mountains before they could be destroyed; the secret of their whereabouts has been religiously kept from generation to generation, and even now an occasional pilgrimage is made, some of the idols and emblems resurrected and stealthily carried back to the villages.

The trip back from Tzintzuntzan across this picturesque lake, in the evening, is a particularly enjoyable one. From the center one can count eighteen lofty peaks surrounding it.

The great world's altar stairs, That slope through darkness up to God, And our canoe men reach land just as the glorious tropical sun is disappearing behind their mysterious summits.

E. A. E. HALLIWELL.

Mme. Carnot Dead.

ON another page appears a portrait of Mme. Carnot, widow of M. Sadie Carnot, the President of France who was assassinated by an Italian anarchist at Lyons, France, on June 21, 1894. The death of this estimable woman on Friday last week brings the tragedy of her husband's death vividly back to recollection while the world still talks of the crime of that other Italian who slew the Empress of Austria.

Mme. Carnot was clever and popular. She did much to make republicanism fashionable in France.

When her husband was elected President they lived in apartments which they rented for only \$2,000 a year, and they left that home with reluctance. Music and literature were peacefully studied—then and there Mme. Carnot educated her four children. In no home in France were the domestic virtues better cultivated.

Several hours after his election Sadie Carnot, looking around on his household goods, exclaimed with sincerity: "What a pity to leave this nest, which we have formed ourselves, to go to that hotel, the Elysee."

Yet Mme. Carnot was more than equal to her position when she became the first lady of the republic. She was a brilliant hostess.

She was deaf, but she showed the greatest tact and cleverness in hiding this defect. She was an admirable linguist and a good housewife. She read the best literature and could tell her chef how to cook a certain dish.

She was a grandmother, yet she wonderfully preserved her youthful appearance.

Her grandmother was English, and her father was a distinguished lawyer, who translated Stuart Mill's works into French.

Her maiden name was Dupont-White. She was one of the best dressed women in France and a model of style.

When her husband was assassinated she bore her profound grief with admirable fortitude for the sake of her children and of France.

Who Should Wipe the Dishes.

Mary Kelly in New Lexington Tribune.

"DON'T you think, Minerva," said Mr. Backenstots anxiously, as he tied the strings of the kitchen apron firmly around his waist, and tucked his whiskers carefully behind the bib to keep them out of the dishwater, "don't you think that we are carrying this idea of cooperation in domestic matters to extremes? I have been washing dishes for a week now, and between times I have been doing a little scriptural reading, and I can't find in the Bible any authority for men doing kitchen work; on the other

hand, women are frequently spoken of in this connection. 'She looketh well to the ways of her household,' 'She worketh willingly with her hands,' 'She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household,' these quotations, Minerva, would seem to warrant the conclusion that household duties should properly be assigned to the woman."

"My dear," replied his wife, "like the rest of your sex, you are adapted to thorough research, but are painfully superficial. If you will pursue your studies further you will find in Kings, 21st, these words: 'I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.' This conclusively proves that you are nobly although quietly and unobtrusively, doing the work designed for you by Providence. When you are through be sure and wash the towels clean, rinse them, shake them and hang them straight on the rack. Death, you know, George Henry, lurks in the dish-cloth." And Mrs. Backenstots tied her bonnet strings in a butterfly bow and went out to attend a meeting of the Society for the Extinction of the Microbe by Means of Electrocutation.

WHAT AILS ELMROOT?

Some of the Reasons why this Country Town, After Progressing to a Certain Point, now Stands Still.

By MACK.

Why is it that so many of our Canadian towns, after climbing half way up the hill, have squatted down to rest as if to say, "I'll climb no farther upwards, come what may?"

THE above is the opening paragraph of an item, or an editorial, that is just now appearing in nearly all the country papers. It is followed by some of the alleged reasons for the mildewed condition of country towns, and it has occurred to me that the town of Elmroot is a case in point, and that I might assist the enquiry by explaining the situation in that village.

Being quite familiar with the place, yet independent of it, I can, perhaps, be more candid than the country editor dare be in speaking of his own town.

Nothing on earth seems able to move again the arrested progress of the town of Elmroot, Ont. It lies, decaying in the sun all summer and shrouded in snow all winter. Why should it stand still? Why should it grow? All the hamlets cannot grow to be villages, all the villages to be towns, all the towns to be cities. Yet why should not this grow as well as another?

As a matter of fact the village of Elmroot attained any size or growth it ever possessed through the workings of Sheer Necessity, and not through the enterprise or capacity of its citizens, past or present. It had its beginnings when two high roads crossed there, and a small stream afforded water-power for a saw-mill and a grist-mill. Later on a railway was being built and chanced to go near the village. Sheer Necessity also required one or two blacksmith shops, wagon shops, general stores, churches, taverns, a drug store, a doctor, a telegraph office, a photograph gallery, a milliner, a dressmaker, a cobbler, a local newspaper—and necessity not quite so sheer soon called for a second newspaper, a second doctor, and two lawyers. There were necessarily some builders and laborers, a school and a couple of teachers. Elmroot, once built up to this measure, stood still, and grows no further.

Perhaps there is no need for anything further. Perhaps the place could dispense with much of itself.

This is clear, that Sheer Necessity has done her utmost, will do no more, and any further development must be the result of human enterprise. It is therefore interesting to study the efforts of the citizens to make Elmroot a big and prosperous place. One would suppose that they would strive towards progress, but do they?

There are five or six general stores carrying only such goods as can certainly be sold, and selling these at the very highest price that can be got for them. The customer must take what he can get and pay what is asked; the merchant follows tradition and carries in stock the things he used to sell, and the customer who is not suited becomes talked of in the village as a "stuck-up" person. The merchants only advertise in charity to the local newspaper—do not change their advertisements or make them useful, but doze along, growing more old-fashioned every year. These store-keepers are scarcely on speaking terms with each other.

There are two taverns (not hotels) where the cheapest liquors and cigars that can be had in all Canada are sold, driving the villagers and farmers to insanity or teetotalism, and making any restrictive law sure to carry by the votes of the insane and the non-drinking. The bar-man cannot make a shandy-gaff, nor a John Collins, nor a cock-tail, nor any other fancy drink; he has no wine, but something made of log-wood, which he calls "native." In fact, he has nothing but rye, gin and beer, and unless you take what he can pump up easiest, he demands to know "who you think you are."

There are two weekly papers that spend most of their time and space in quarrelling with each other, edited by men who by their methods confess themselves beggars and not business men, and look for support to the political parties which

they injure by the unintelligence of their partisanship. They issue papers that would not in a hundred years over-persuade one adversary. These editors are forever publishing items warning their readers against fakes, yet they are through fraudulent advertising agencies bunched oftener than the village idiot. They print a ten dollar advertisement for one dollar if paid in advance; or they will accept the promise of forty dollars for the same advertisement, print it faithfully, and never get the money. When they send their bills in, nobody lives at the address given. Each proves that the other is a robber in regard to village and township printing, that the other paper has no circulation, no reliability. Yet these unheeded-of kindnesses, giving away their space for the good of others, although their space is their stock-in-trade as much as the merchant's goods are his. These witless men are amiable to all but themselves. They cross-cut and chop each other down, and their competition is a starving-match for themselves and families.

There are rival doctors, one a Methodist, the other a Presbyterian, and these learned men accuse each other of murder when-



The Local Editors Cut Prices.

ever anyone dies. Each is backed by his church, but not by all without exception, and so there is a bitter feud and constant striving to snatch patients from each other and the grave. If one doctor gets one chance at a patient of the other he cures him—which is very unprofessional and spiteful.

There are two lawyers who also disagree in religion, if it is religion that draws them to church. They keep the town in hot water with law-suits and politics. They do not speak to each other. Each lawyer chums with one of the rival doctors, but it is the humble partisans of these two cliques that fight and get broken noses.

There are rival preachers who bow solemnly to each other as they walk towards the rival pulpits with anonymous letters of three columns' length, grinding at some theological question in a discussion that lasts for months and ruins the circulation of both papers. The editors dare not choke off these saintly bull-dogs.

Politics are very keen in Elmroot. The man who would change over because of any public question would be called a turn-coat, and might as well commit suicide. They do not know, as city people do, that politicians are self-confessed humbugs who are virtuous only when in Opposition.

On so-called moral or social questions the people are dictated to by the pulpits, and the man who refuses to obey is openly charged with being a child of the devil. The Pope of Rome never pretended to greater infallibility in deciding what is right and what are God's wishes, than do these obscure parsons of the little village of Elmroot. They do not speak in public halls where argument might ensue, but retire to their pulpits, where, in the name of God, they dispense with the necessity of using common sense. They drive reasoning men to either abandon the churches



The Lawyers do not speak.

or to conceal their intelligence under a mien of placid assent.

And so on. Thus they live in Elmroot. If a citizen of the town invents a gate no one will use it until they learn that he stole the idea from abroad—then they consider the idea good because not local in its origin. And this applies to everything as well as gates. Why does Elmroot stand still?

Doctor—That's a bad razor-cut in your head, Rastus; why don't you profit by this lesson and keep out of bad company? Rastus—Ah would, doctah, but ah ain't got no money toe get er divorce.—Life.

"Dere's always bound to be kickers," exclaimed Meandering Mike; "did you ever know a time when de people agreed unanimously dat dey had de right man in de right place?" "Only once," replied Plodding Pete; "I was bein' put into jail on de occasion."—Washington Star.

The Seamy Side.

EVERY year from her far Western home she came to the small Cat-skill hotel. She was an amiable old woman, with a decided manner and rather a businesslike air. She had been a regular visitor long enough (says the New York Sun) to have many friends among those who returned. The strangers usually heard of her in this way:

"Oh, yes, Mrs. X is coming back this year. You must know her and see her beautiful bead embroideries. They are made by the Indians and she sells them for the mission. She's such a kind woman, and they're so lovely."

When Mrs. X arrived the beadwork came with her. It was always duly exhibited in the parlor. Afterward selected pieces were brought down for inspection. Sometimes orders followed her. There was constant talk about the beadwork. It was sold in large quantities and at high prices. The mission was only vaguely mentioned and was generally lost sight of in the enthusiasm with which the women bought the various ornaments. One sharp-faced woman, who had been less affected by the esthetics of the work, began a close enquiry about the mission. But the information she obtained was not commensurate with her efforts. She was a deaconess in a church, however, had done work among the Indian missionaries, and was keen about the mission. Even the information that it was a private mission did not satisfy her. She had a determined look when she said good-by.

It was not a week after she had gone that her Parthian shot hit the mark. In the letter that she wrote to one of her friends, with no injunctions as to secrecy, she said that there was no doubt whatever about Mrs. X being an honest woman. "But I never believed the mission story," she wrote, "and I made it my business to find out about it. That is all nonsense. She does buy it from a mission. But she sells it for herself. She makes money on it, too, at the prices she asks, and I hear that she pays her summer expenses in that way."

Mrs. X never heard about the letter and some of her friends said that such a piece of slander was shameful. But there was a drop in the demand for beadwork.

Sunday Golf.

AMONG the questions which have arisen in connection with golf is that of Sunday playing. It seems, according to published statements, that men in New York and other cities do not care to go out of town from Saturday evening to Monday morning to places where they are not permitted to play golf on Sunday. And women are wise enough not to drive the men to places where they are not by insisting that in places where they are on the Sabbath there shall be no golf. There was a time when even in cities it was regarded as an evidence of complete moral depravity for a man to go out for a drive on Sunday. Again, the number of persons who do not regard sea-bathing as an improper Sabbath day performance has increased very fast in recent years. There are thousands and thousands who find Sunday the only day on which they can take extended rides on their bicycles, and the result is that only the very strict regard it as wrong to ride a wheel on the Sabbath. Men who cannot indulge in outdoor recreations on any other day will indulge in them on Sunday. They will not admit that it is wrong for them to do so. You can not get men, as a rule, to say: "What I am doing is wrong, but I am going to do it anyhow." They will say: "Yes, I do this, but there is nothing wrong in it." And by insisting on this view of the matter they (the New York Times declares) convert their fellowmen, and have no trouble whatever with the women.

Time Enough to Beller.

One day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Dobby was playin' by a mud-hole, and Billy he said:

"Now, Sammy, les play we was a barn-yard; you be the pig and lie down and woller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything."

So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he got in the mud and woller, while Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy—you never see such a muddy little feller—and he said, "Now you be a pig, and let me beller." But Billy said, "I ain't a very good pig 'fore dinner, and little be time 'nuff for you to beller when yer mother sees yer close."

First heeler—The new ballot-box they are getting out is a bird. Second heeler—Ah! Then it can be stuffed.—Indianapolis Journal.

Uncle Hiram—They say the sun never sets on the British Empire. Aunt Hannah—Doesn't it, now? And we have such magnificent sunsets over here!—Puck.

Visitor (in insane asylum)—And this poor fellow is the father of triplets. Why does he continually call for a gun? Attendant—He thinks he sees a stork, mum.—Town Topics.

"The war," she said reflectively, "brought about, or at least hurried, a great many marriages." "True," he replied, "but why dwell on the horrors of war?"—Chicago Post.

Young poet—Why do you refuse me as a son-in-law? Is it because I lack merit? Paterfamilias—Oh, no; it is simply on account of lack of space. We are really crowded for room here now.—Judge.

"Why do you speak of him as the strong man? He isn't put up like a man of great strength." "Ah, but you ought to have seen the load he carried the night of our fraternity banquet."—Chicago Evening Post.

Singleton—How is your marriage with that pretty shop-girl turning out? Benedict—Oh, we will get on splendidly when once I get her broken of the habit of yelling "Cash" when she wants me.—Brooklyn Life.



A Tarascan Home.

lands, is that portion of the state of Michoacan lying around Lake Patzcuara.

The lake itself is by far the most beautiful sheet of water in Mexico; not quite as large as some—Chapala for instance—but its waters are clear, pure, deep, surrounded by mountains on every hand and unsullied by contact with anything except the cayucas of the native Indians. At an altitude of 7,000 feet, lying among the mountains of the ancient Tarascan Empire, is found this lovely sheet of water which is about fifty miles in circumference and dotted with picturesque islands, most of them inhabited by a race of hardy fishermen. These Indians are still pure Tarascan and will not mix, either with the Spanish, Mexicans or Yankees, nor allow outsiders to settle in their villages. They speak their own ancient language, which is softer even than the Spanish, and they all dress exactly alike.

When the girls reach a certain age, each procures one dress made of blue native worsted about the length of a modern tennis skirt. This is gathered in folds about the waist and held in place by a sash of the same or similar material, wound several times around the body, the length of the sash, and therefore the number of times it encircles the waist, being a mark of fashion and wealth.

In consequence of this custom, the waist, especially of the younger women, is generally the largest part of the body, but strange and unique as this custom is, it becomes these people. They always look picturesque and graceful. A white cotton garment with no sleeves and very low at the neck completes their costume. The men all wear the ordinary white, loosely fitting garments seen among the common Mexicans.

The boats used by this people are made

shores of the lake, the largest being Hucicorio, Janicho, Jaruaro, Tzintzencuara, Noutzepe and Tzintzuntzan.

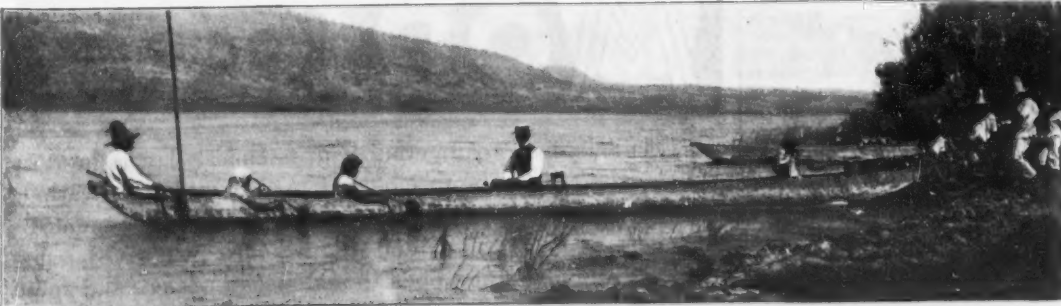
The last named is famous for having at one time been the ecclesiastical state capital and for having the third oldest church in Mexico. The one at Tula is the oldest, the cathedral in Mexico City second, and this the third.

Here is the famous painting by Titian, representing the descent from the cross, and it was this which the writer took the four hours' canoe voyage across Patzcuara to see, and felt amply repaid for the time expended.

The glory has long since departed from the place itself. The old church of El Tercer Orden is almost a ruin, even the olive trees that shade the ancient cemetery being gnarled and twisted in their battle against time; but these ruins, on the farther shore of this remote lake, now almost inaccessible, shelter a gem of art held in such veneration that sixty thousand Mexican dollars have been refused for its possession.

The painting is ten by five and one half feet, the main figures being life size.

In the foreground is Christ supported by means of a sheet, Nicodemus holding the head and Joseph of Arimathea the feet; behind is St. John the Baptist and Mary, the mother of Jesus, with Mary of Salome; to the right are two figures supposed to be Philip of Spain, who presented the picture to this church, and Titian himself. At the lower left-hand side is Mary Magdalene kneeling by the crown of thorns, with the three spikes on a handkerchief at her side, while at the upper left-hand side is Mount Calvary with the three crosses, two bare, the third still holding its victim. The coloring of this ancient painting appears almost new, while the expression



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Anecdotal.

Baron Rothschild once went into fancy
farming, and probably had experiences
not unlike those of some Toronto gentle-
men who have tried the same fad. Royal
visitors once visited Rothschild's farm,
and he said to them, "What will you have
to drink? Claret, champagne or milk?
The cost is the same to me."

One morning a gentleman called upon
Douglas Jerrold to solicit a subscription
on behalf of a mutual friend in want of
money. "Well," said Jerrold, "how much
does Smith want this time?" "Why,
just four and two pence," said the
gentleman. "Very well," answered
Jerrold, "put me down for one of the
naughts this time."

Bismarck, who once defined universal
suffrage as the government of a house by
its nursery, had unlimited contempt for
the common people. Someone observed in
his presence, "You can make a mob cry
anything by paying a few men among
them a groshen apiece to start the shout-
ing." "Yes, but you need not waste your
groshen," murmured the premier.

A Scripture examination was being held
recently in an English school, the lesson
being Elijah offering up a sacrifice on Mt.
Carmel. As the children looked like good
scholars, the inspector gave them a ques-
tion, saying: "Now, you have told me
that Elijah put the bullock on the altar?
Why did he put water around the altar?"
The children looked amazed, except one
little boy, who stood up and said: "Please,
sir, to make the gray."

General Horace Porter used to attend
the church of Rev. Dr. Tyng in New York,
and always went to sleep, but the clergy-
man did not quarrel with his distinguished
parishioner. "General, I do not blame you
for sleeping. Indeed, I am not fully
satisfied with my sermons myself. Now,
what shall I do with them? Shall I put
more fire into them?" "Well," said the
General, "it might be well for the clergy
generally to put more fire into their ser-
mons, but in some cases it would be better
to put more sermons in the fire."

Milton must have been a very trying
husband. He had three unhappy mar-
riages. The Duke of Buckingham called
the poet's third wife a rose. "I am no
judge of color," replied Milton, "but it
may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."
The marriage of the poet Dryden with
Lady Elizabeth Howard was also an un-
happy one. His wife once reproached him
with the statement that he would have
paid a great deal more regard to her if she
had been a book. The ready-witted satir-
ist unkindly replied that he wished she
were an almanack, then he could change
every year.

When Mark Twain was first introduced
to Gen. Grant the latter shook hands in a
perfunctory manner and immediately re-
lapsed into his customary attitude of retic-
ence. There was an awkward pause; it
grew longer and longer as the humorist
tried to think of something bright to say.
Finally, as if in sheer desperation, Twain
looked up with an assumed air of great

timidity, and said: "Mr. President, I—I
feel a little bit embarrassed. Do you?"
The President could not help smiling, and
Mark took advantage of the chance the
incident presented to give place to others.
Ten years later, when statesman and hu-
morous met again, Gen. Grant, with a
twinkle in his eye, said, before Twain
had the chance to utter a word: "Mr.
Clemens, I don't feel at all embarrassed.
Do you?"

The captain of a vessel which was bring-
ing to America, in the fall of 1796, a mys-
terious passenger who had come aboard
at Hamburg, watched the latter so closely
that at last the passenger said one day:
"Sir, this is not the first occasion upon
which I have observed the attentive scru-
tiny you bestow upon me. May I enquire
the reason?" "Sir," responded the can-
did captain, "you took passage on my
ship as a Dane; I don't believe you're any-
thing of the kind." The passenger smiled;
the smile was full of perspicacity and
confidence, and was followed with: "Pray
tell me, then, what you believe me to be?"
At this question Captain Ewing fidgeted,
hesitated, and finally blurted out: "Well,
to be honest, I think you are a gambler.
You've well-nigh ruined yourself at home,
and are now coming to fleece the fools
you'll find on shore." The young man's
smile broadened; the next minute he
turned grave again, lowered his voice,
and replied: "Captain Ewing, as you
have studied me during this voyage, so I
have studied you. I have come to the
conclusion that you are a man to be
trusted. I am Louis Philippe, Duc
d'Orleans, eldest son of that Louis Philippe
d'Orleans who was slain by the guillotine
on the seventh of November, almost three
years ago."

Divers Doctors.

The Power of a Pretty Voice.

WE have professional types
many and accepted.
There is the accepted
type of parson, bland,
smooth-shaven, com-
fortably rotund and
permeated about his laundry. You see
him on the stage always of the above type
and with a voice blending the sympathetic
with the beneficent. You don't often see
him anywhere else, but he's the typical
parson or he wouldn't be on the stage.
Then, there is the typical lawyer, shrewd,
spectacled, spare and sceptical, supposed
to consist of a parchment exterior, a ready-
reckoner brain, an antediluvian memory,
and somewhere deeply hidden a heart to
feel for the woes of the abused hero and
heroine, for he also is on the stage and in
the love stories, where one must go for
types. The typical soldier is not; the
rigid discipline and regulation routine
destroy any marked individuality, and
Tommy Atkins is always a type. You
don't find him often on the stage; it takes
years of drill, and trouble, and guard-
room, and furlough to even cant his cap
properly. No profession is more carica-
tured behind the footlights than the
soldier's. The doctor is perhaps distin-
guished in type for his irascibility. Almost
every stage doctor has a red pepper
temper, is pig-headed to a degree, and
nervous in his movements to an extent
that causes a twinge of sympathy for his
patients to dart through one's mind.
On the stage the typical clergyman is
always unctuous and deliberate, be he old
or young; the officer always a swinging,
dashing, ha-ha sort of being, either colonel
or ensign; the lawyer (but who ever saw
a young lawyer on the stage?) The doctor
has probably the most varied personality
of any.

In real life the doctor is an intermittent
sort of evil, not recurring as frequently
and regularly as the clergyman, but
often than the lawyer, and no two
doctors are the least bit alike. Some of
them love their profession to the cost of
all feeling for their patients. I know a
doctor who positively enjoys performing
an operation, and one who gloats over an
apparently invincible complication of dis-
eases, and ranges his forces as an astute
general places his command, to meet, to
fight, and very often to conquer. I would
rather have a doctor who loves his profes-
sion than one who loves his patient. It
isn't the time for tender emotion when
one is racked with pain, or scorched with
fever, or numb with the chill of weak-
ness. Even in an hysterical seizure we all
know how much more potent a cure is a
pail of cold water than any amount of
sympathy and petting. There is a doctor
who bounces in bursting with vitality
and rude vigor, who tells you there
isn't much the matter with you
and you'll be all right in a day or so, and
privately informs your relieved family
that they mustn't let you out of bed for a
week. There is the doctor who brings
with him a hideous odor of carbolic acid
or iodoform fresh from terrors a nervous
patient can easily imagine, and the doctor
who uses perfume—I don't choose be-
tween them. There is the handsome doc-
tor who looks in the mirror before he
looks at you, and the homely doctor who
has crooked necktie and teeth brown from
tobacco, but whose ugly phiz is bright
with cleverness and knowledge. A good
many doctors smell of tobacco these days.
It is accounted a disinfectant. There is
the chatty doctor who tells you how nice
you looked at the races, and the loquacious
and long-winded doctor who unloads
stories of peculiar persons upon you.
There is the young doctor who is always
preternaturally solemn and imposing, poor
dare, imposing only upon himself—and
the old doctor, whose hold of your wrist
is the thoughtful touch of experience and
patience. There is the magnetic, inspiring
doctor, whose visits are short, for he
knows of the power that is in him, and
how you are stealing it and would pre-
sently beggar him. And all of them, the
quaint, diverse, incongruous lot of them,
are sons of the noblest profession we know.

Do you know a lady with a pretty voice?
We all know the others, the flat-toned, or
the guttural, or the vinegar flavored, or
the high, sharp-pitched, or the full, deep,

cello-toned, or the low dulcet whispering
voices. But my little lady has a pretty
voice; it has a dozen tones and a hundred
cadences; when she talks over the tele-
phone to her butcher it takes a quiet little
business tone and clips off its words in a
trillingly snappy manner; when she slips
into my room in the morning to ask how
I am, dear, it is the tone of idealized
grandmotherhood; when she sails into
the drawing-room to greet all and sundry
of her adorers, male or female, her voice
is at its very prettiest, and is gracious
beyond compare; when she speaks of her-
self, that precious voice is dull and unin-
terested, for vanity and self-esteem are
not quite its inspiring keynotes. One
can quite agree with the enthusiastic
courtier who vowed that to hear his
mistress say the word "devotion" would
make any man religious, when one is
wooed to this or that by the pretty voice
of my little lady.

LADY GAY.

Caroline Miskell Hoyt.

The many Toronto friends and admirers
of Caroline Miskell Hoyt, the well known
and beautiful young actress, were greatly
shocked on Monday to hear that she had
died in New York on Sunday. She was
the wife of Mr. Charles H. Hoyt, the suc-
cessful playwright and manager, and died
in child-birth.

The actress was a Toronto girl, her
parents removing to this city from Ken-
tucky when Caroline was a two-year-old
child. While still attending school she
studied elocution with Miss Jessie Alex-
ander, and at the age of eighteen went on
a visit to friends in New York. She was
then Miss Caroline Scales, and her father,



Caroline Miskell Hoyt.

Mr. C. C. Scales, resided at the corner
of Church and Gould streets, Tor-
onto. In New York Miss Scales decided
to call on Mr. Augustin Daly to see if she
could go upon the stage. The story has
been told that when she sent up her card
to the manager asking for an interview,
she sent with it her photograph, and was
immediately admitted, and signed a con-
tract for two years. Mr. Daly, however,
considered her too young to trust with a
leading position, and so placed her in Robert
Mantell's Company, her stage name being
Caroline Miskell, and many people will
remember her first appearances in Toronto
with Robert Mantell and Charlotte
Behrens. In the following season she
appeared in Hoyt's play, A Temperance
Town, and won quick recognition for her
beauty and talent. In connection with
this play she met Mr. Hoyt and they were
subsequently married, the actress retiring
at once, only to appear again in A Con-
tented Woman, written specially for her
by her husband. Mrs. Hoyt was but 24
years of age, and her death was wholly
unexpected. Her parents now live in
Cincinnati, but she has an uncle in To-
ronto, Mr. J. W. Scales of Wellington
Place.

Empress and Pianist.

Ladies' Home Journal.
Josef Hofmann, the famous young pian-
ist, is fond of all sorts of sports, especially
of skating, in which, as a boy, he excelled.
When visiting St. Petersburg a year or
two ago, Josef was summoned to play be-
fore the ex-Empress, the name being called
from three to four in the afternoon. It
was a perfect day. The Neva was frozen
over, of course, and the skating was at its
height. Immediately after luncheon
Josef's father found his son dressing as if
to go to the palace.
"Where are you going?" he demanded.
"To play for the Empress."
"But you were not to go until three
o'clock."
"Three o'clock! If I wait until then I
will be too late to go skating. I'm going
now."
He went. And it is not a surprise to
any one who knows Hofmann to learn
that he played for the ex-Empress as soon
as he reached the palace, and that he then
went off and skated the rest of the after-
noon.

The new Furniture and Upholstery firm
of Miller & Kent, 231-233 Yonge street,
who opened about four weeks ago, are
doing a splendid trade; their long and
practical experience in this exclusive
business with the T. Eaton Co., together
with sound judgment and straightforward
business methods, give them advantages
which few people in the trade possess.
This enterprising firm willingly give sug-
gestions and useful information whether
you purchase from them or not. Their
large and handsome stock is reliable and
entirely new throughout, comprising all
the most modern ideas, with many artistic
and exclusive designs. Miller & Kent sell
for cash at prices which not only compare
favorably with any in the city, but at
prices which fairly startle competition.
They certainly deserve the patronage of
those requiring the best values for ready
money.

The Inter-Collegiate Games.

THERE promises soon to be as pas-
sionate a rivalry in miniature be-
tween the boys of the three col-
legiate institutes of Toronto as
is said to exist between the
great universities across the line,
where rivalry and competition in every
walk of life has attained its highest de-
velopment. Since the inter-collegiate
games were first inaugurated, some five
years ago, there has grown up an intense
school patriotism. To be sure there was
always a more or less strong feeling of
this kind in the high schools—far more so
than in the public schools for instance—
but it was a cool affair to the fervid feel-
ing that now exists. There are numbers
of instances, I'm told, where boys come
right across the city to attend the
school in which their youthful affections
were first rooted, and from which the
moving of their people to the other end of
the town has proved powerless to trans-
plant. The value of rivalry in athletics is
well known. The combination of rivalry,
strength or skill of some kind and com-
petition makes what is known as sport, and
sport is an institution with the English-
speaking people. But the absolute
good of rivalry is open to discussion. It
is capable of becoming too bitter and too
absorbing. It has become too bitter in
several of the United States colleges
where friendly athletic games cannot be
arranged. It goes too far when students
of one school feel bitter against stu-
dents of another as individuals. A good,
healthy, open-hearted hatred of the
adherents of one school as a mass
can do but little harm, but individual

me to show what is but the fault of youth.

LITTLE WOMAN.—I don't think there is much
snap about it, but it runs easily and is
characteristic; rather a pleasing study, dis-
creet and careful and true, inclined to senti-
ment and not by any means dull. Should have
imagined and some talent; does not strike
me as likely to be very original. I don't sup-
pose it is quite fully developed either.

FLORENCE M. W.—A very refined and cul-
tured writing, ladylike, well poised and very
sympathetic. Writer could be influenced
through the emotions, I fancy, is conservative
in her ideas and sensible in her speech; cheer-
fulness and a bright mentality are suggested.
Writer is perhaps overconfident in her deal-
ings with others, and apt to speak too openly
of affairs. I fancy this might be the writing of
a very capable and charming woman.

BRITANNICUS.—A conventional and well
disciplined nature, capable of affection, bright
in perception and manner, fond of society, very
plain and truthful in speech, and of just and
reliable judgment. The tendency is ambi-
tious, and the writer dislikes very much the
idea of being influenced; in general pride is
noticeable, and a compact, earnest and decided
method. Thanks for kind remarks.

CURLY-HEADED JENNIE.—It is scarcely worth
an answer, for it is a very crude and hysterical
effort, showing what a slightly brain and un-
disciplined mind can be covered by a curly
scalp. I think, Jennie, you'd better take your-
self in hand seriously and collect your scattered
forces. You may find life beyond you if you
don't call a halt soon. You addressed your
study, Correspondence Coupon, Toronto. It
was a mere chance that it ever reached me.

GAUCHERIE.—I don't know how one could
eat an orange but with a spoon. It certainly
isn't effeminate, only perhaps you fancy so.
Spoon food sounds babyish for a man, but if
you eat oranges at a party you'd better use a
spoon. The wife of a bishop is "Mrs." Cer-
tainly there's no such title as you mention.
Even the colonial bishop has, I am told, the
title of "my lord" only by courtesy, therefore
no one would ever dream of calling his wife
"her ladyship." You did not say you wished
your writing delineated. If so, please state the
fact.

INQUIRENDO.—The *nom de plume* is suf-
ficient. Your writing shows talent and clear
and logical thought; you would not be apt at
crooked work, being naturally honest and
straightforward; you are practical in your
notions, explicit in your expression, and I fancy
of a contented nature; you can adapt yourself
to circumstances, and though not at all care-
less, don't waste time worrying over hindrances
or setbacks. You do not care to spend much
time alone, and should be a sociable person,
are conscientious and fond of well-finished
work. Don't get into a rut. Keep some feelers
out all the time for progress.

BOOK WORM.—This writing is positively re-
pulsive, the animal is so strong in it. Great
force, almost brutality, lies in some lines, great
self-esteem in others. The only redeeming
feature is a certain dense constancy, a strong
and unwavering purpose. Who could expect
otherwise than that the writer would find the
character of Jessica Falconer "quite impos-
sible!" Do you ever read a caution anywhere
not to cast gems before swine? This was re-
called to my mind by the remark as above.
Know, oh rash reader, that she was and is
"possible," and is growing quite probable these
days.

BEZIQUE.—This is a well equipped and quick-
witted person, refined in thought and probably
fastidious over conventionalities. Would be a
pleasant companion and a good friend, whose
advice would be worth taking, and who would
not hesitate to give it nor have any uncertain
voice. There is a springy snap about the
character and a careful attention to details
that don't often go together. The writer could
adapt herself to new conditions and would
probably make a good traveler. She has a
rather high-strung nervous system, and were
she visionary instead of eminently practical,
would be apt to go to pieces from useless
"riction." Cultivate repose and concentration
and you'll be even stronger than you are.

The Prince's Toothpick.

"Not long ago I saw a woman in Del-
meio's using a toothpick most ostenta-
tiously," the Sun quotes an old lady as
saying. "I knew that she was not a
woman who could possibly be ignorant of
what was proper, and wondered. I asked
one of my daughters, when I got home
that night, how in the world Mrs. X. hap-
pened to be using a toothpick like that in
public, when it was supposed to be some-
thing that was usually confined to the
privacy of a woman's room. 'Oh, that's
done everywhere now,' she said. 'Last
summer, at Homburg, the Prince of
Wales used one regularly on the piazza,
and made the waiter bring him one. It
took some time, and after that he came to
the restaurant always with a little gold
one that unscrewed like a pencil, and
could be carried in his vest-pocket. He
uses it always in public, and so do the
English people who copy him. The
Americans who go to London regularly
saw that, and imported the custom to let
it be seen that they knew what was done
in the Prince of Wales's set.'"

Canadians in the Sudan.

Canada claims some share in the recent
achievements of the Imperial and the
Egyptian forces in the Sudan. Lieut.
Girouard, who has had much to do with
the construction of the railway which was
so essential to the Sirdar's plans, is the
eldest son of Mr. Justice Girouard of the
Supreme Court of Canada. Major Herbert
Smith is a son of the ex-president of the
Quebec Bank; and Seret, Nathan of the
Grenadier Guards, and Private Oldbury
of the 21st Lancers, both hail from the
Dominion.

"There goes a man who has literally
carved his way to fame." "Who is he?"
"The man that won first prize in the ex-
treming contest at the butchers' picnic."
—Chicago News.



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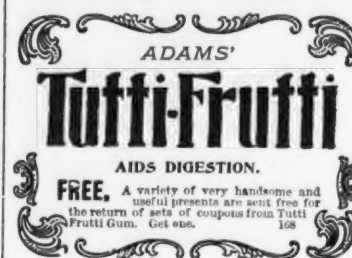
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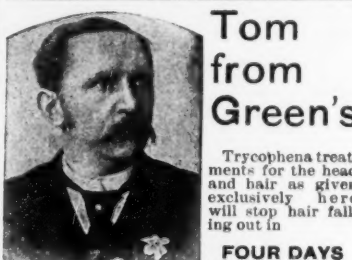
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goes, and down it goes. What im-
purities went down with it—can
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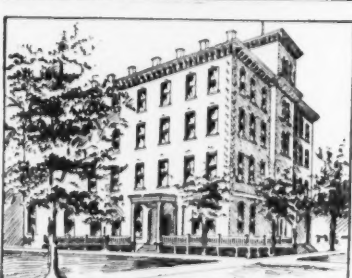
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Studio and Gallery

AT THE EASEL.

Ever of thee! I turn me to my work,
Like one who seeks in wine to drown his grief.
An angel's face, with Heaven in its smile,
I'm sketching here, but in that smile there lurk
The smiles that once transfigured thine. Ah,
brief
The time that strenuous labor can beguile
My lonely spirit from its dreams of thee!

BRADFORD K. DANIELS.

THE work of the Rosedale League of School Art still progresses, albeit it may yet be viewed with doubtful eye by some. The more primitive, vigorous regime of the early days of school evolution, which succeeded in producing the race of somewhat sturdy and comparatively intelligent individuals which now exist, may have some reason for being considered good enough for the present generation. There was little coaxing in the bygone days, or seducing by soft wiles to slip the cup of knowledge. "Aesthetic" was a word as absent from the school curriculum as was what it stood for from the life of the schoolroom. It would be little to the credit of that substantial age, however, if it did not produce a race which, benefiting by all the past accumulations of wisdom and experience, should step somewhat in advance of its father. Such it has produced. To-day the world's best educators, laying hold of all past gain, are putting into effect conclusions unacknowledged by their predecessors. They are admitting the complexity of human nature, and acknowledging that there are avenues to heart and mind along which instruction may travel quickly and effectively, which were comparatively unused in their days. Have they been helped to these conclusions by any conviction of failure of past methods—by any realization of the barrenness and incompleteness of the products of the past? They have reason to be. Three facts they know, namely: that beauty is a great and rapid educator; that the trained eye is a powerful and sure

transmitter of that beauty; and appreciation of beauty is an essential element in the progress of any people.

Last week a representative committee of ladies of the League, and gentlemen of the Advisory Board, consisting of Mrs. Thom, president; Mrs. Rust, Mrs. A. Cox, Mrs. W. L. Patterson, Mrs. Bowes, Mrs. J. Mutch, Miss Sims, Miss Manly, Miss Foster, Miss E. May Martin, and Messrs. R. Y. Ellis, James L. Hughes, Rust and A. Cox, were deputed to view the collection of reproductions of works of art of Professor Cummer of Aurora with a view to obtaining further light upon the matter of selection.

Professor Cummer's collection amounted to somewhere in the region of six hundred plates, representing the personal accumulation of ten years, and contains copies of many of the best well known works of art extant, besides views of places of historical interest. All day, nearly, the committee followed the footsteps of the professor through the art world of the Vatican with its statuary, paintings, vases and relics innumerable; into the Sistine Chapel glorified by the brush of Michael Angelo; through St. Peter's wide aisles and up its winding paths 425 feet above the ground; down into the depths of the Catacombs, and the underground chambers of the Coliseum; in and out many churches with their mongrel degenerate architecture and overload of ornamentation; and many other scenes of dead Rome's past glory. To Genoa's Composants, where the dead lie buried in art. To Naples, down into the depths of hot Vesuvius until our shoes were warm and we could almost hear the dip of the oar of the infernal boatman and hear his cry:

Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice.

However, being "live" spirits and not wicked, we saw the sky again. Milan we visited, with its "wedding-cake" cathedral, the incomplete object of 300 years' toil, and more artistic Cologne cathedral; Athens and its decaying Parthenon; Venice and Florence—cradles of art; Monica with its roulette palace, and Paris, where tragedy succeeds comedy in such quick succession. Time would fail to give even a very incomplete list of places, much less of the individual artists and their works—specimens of Rubens and Raphael at Munich; Titian's Flora and Venus, and others; works of Tintoretto, a number of Guido Reni and Canova, and later Dutch artists; statuary from the so-called Albani collection pillaged by Napoleon; Constantines patch work arc; the arcs of Trajan, Severus, etc. So we looked and followed until the brain seemed transformed into a composite photograph, scarcely to be set in order even by the exquisite music Prof. Cummer wooed from his piano and organ in the strains of Rubinstein, Etude, C major Scatcato; Liszt Rigoletto; Lohegrin, Tannhauser overture; and other selections. What a human thing is an organ. How it echoes

and vibrates with and emits from its soul those self-same sounds which are constantly greeting our ears in the external world of nature, and speaks those self-same passions which swell and surge in the human soul. If the rising generation could by any means be brought up amidst these relics of past greatness, as they may be in our schools, what intelligence, what artistic discrimination might we not expect in its future. Then, too, that almost obsolete virtue, reverence for true greatness and antiquity, might convince the coming youngster that he was not really such an important atom in this universe as he at present is disposed to think himself.

The tenth annual meeting of the Woman's Art Association of Canada was held in the studio, 89 Canada Life Building, Toronto, on Monday, October 3. The business reports were read and showed the Association to be in a good position, the total income for the year having been \$2,687, and the disbursements \$2,334. The president pointed out, however, that there was need for the more active co-operation of honorary members, as many extensions and affiliations might be carried out if the membership was larger and sympathy and interest greater. Many things were discussed, including studio day, a woman's building at the Toronto Fair, art in the

schools, a permanent loan exhibition of pictures in Toronto. There was also some talk of affiliation with the Woman's Institute of London, Eng. A letter was read from the Countess of Aberdeen thanking the artists personally for the dinner-set. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Dignam; first vice-president, Mrs. Fitzgerald; second vice-president, Mrs. Elliott; recording secretary, Mrs. Hemsted; corresponding secretary, Miss Denison; treasurer, Mrs. Morson. Representatives of honorary members: Mesdames J. Lillie, Todhunter, H. Thompson, McMaster, Proctor, London, J. A. Paterson and Van der Linde, and Misses Irvine and Howson. Delegates to L. C. of W.: Mesdames Farrer, Lillie, Carter, Thompson and Campbell. The president gave a short report of the N. C. meetings, and Mrs. George Campbell of the L. C. of Women. Mrs. Cummings and Mrs. Mutch spoke of the need of co-operation of the various art societies.

JEAN GRANT.

Crabshaw—What do you mean by cheating me like this? You said this chain I bought here would last a life-time, and here's all the plating worn off in a month. Goldstein—Mine friend, I said dot shain would last you a life-time, because when you pay it you look so sick I didn't think you could live der week out.—Puck.



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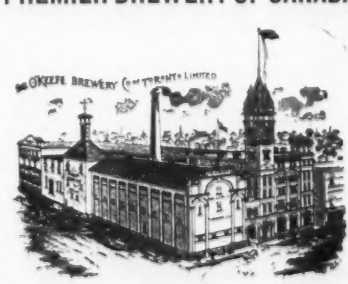
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Music.

The local concert season was auspiciously opened on Tuesday evening last when the first of the Massey Music Hall series of concerts for 1898-99 was given, the programme being provided by the following trio of eminent artists, namely: Miss Aus der Ohe, solo pianist; Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, baritone, and Mr. Leo Schultz, cellist. Miss Aus der Ohe has so frequently been heard in Toronto and her fame and popularity have become so thoroughly established here, that it seems almost superfluous to comment in detail upon the many points of merit which distinguish her playing as a soloist of high rank. The brilliancy of her technique, warmth and musical quality of her tone, and the artistic comprehensiveness which she has always shown in her playing here, were again strongly in evidence, and as usual she again won a pronounced triumph, being repeatedly recalled and compelled to respond with encore numbers. Her great intellectuality was shown in the Schumann Sonata, op. 22, and as a delightful contrast the charm of her style and beauty of her phrasing in the Chopin etudes deserve to be specially noted. In Liszt's erratic but stupendously difficult Tarantella di Bravura, the virtuosity and endurance of the pianist received a remarkable demonstration. Her least satisfactory work was, perhaps, a rather characterless interpretation of the Chopin F minor Nocturne, and a somewhat rough rendering of the same composer's Polonaise, op. 53. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who had been heard in Toronto but once previously, strengthened the exceedingly favorable impression then formed of him as an artist of exceptional talent. His voice, which for quality will challenge comparison with that of any baritone now before the public, is at once mellow and even in quality, resonant and powerful. In enunciation and intonation his singing might well serve as an object lesson to singers and vocal students. His greatest artistic triumph was undoubtedly won in It is Enough from Mendelssohn's Elijah, which composition was given with splendid dramatic power and breadth of style. His singing of The Royal Red Rose, a song from the pen of the well known Canadian musician now resident in London, Mr. Clarence Lucas, was also a fine specimen of artistic vocalism and musical interpretation. Three songs by Edward German were, perhaps, his least effective contributions to the evening's programme. A fine rendering of the famous Prologue from Leoncavallo's Pagliacci particularly merits mention. Mr. Davies was several times encoored. The playing of the cellist, Mr. Schultz, was in keeping with the general excellence of the programme throughout. Mr. Schultz displayed a brilliant technique and a musical style in all his numbers, being particularly successful in Poppo's Dance of the Sylphs. The singing quality of his tone was best shown in Poppo's Hungarian Rhapsodie, the performance of which won for him an enthusiastic encore. A large audience was in attendance despite very unfavorable weather. The next concert of the series will be given on October 18, when Sedlitz's orchestra will appear.

Last week's issue of the New York Musical Courier contained an innovation which will prove most welcome to its large circle of readers in Canada, and which cannot but tend to increase the already wide influence in the Dominion of that most enterprising journal. A special department devoted to the musical interests of this country has been added to the many excellent features which distinguish the Musical Courier among the leading musical magazines of our time. The attractive manner in which the matter relating to Canada is presented, both as regards the excellence of the editorial work, which has been entrusted to the care of Miss May Hamilton of this city, and the prominence given the department in the artistic and elaborate heading adopted, illustrates in a practical manner existing foreign ideas as to the important position which is now being taken by this country in musical affairs. The aims of the Musical Courier in initiating this new departure are best explained in its own editorial comments regarding the matter: "The first letter from the headquarters of the Musical Courier in Canada, just established, appears in this issue of the paper, and will surprise the great bulk of our readers in the disclosures it makes on the remarkable musical activity among our closest neighbors. It was owing to this advancement of Canada in the musical world that the Courier felt the time had come when it must give as much attention and space to that country as to other countries, and without which the paper would, at this stage, be incomplete. Beginning with this week a Canadian article will appear weekly, for it is necessary to record events promptly as they appear before our Canadian constituency, a constituency which the Courier believes to be imbued with the highest artistic and educational ideals. Many are the institutions of learning and of higher culture in Canada unknown even to the better class of inquirers on this side of the line. Hereafter it will be no fault of the Courier if these many institutions, the host of teachers, educators and disciples will not be known; in fact, so far as goes music, it is proposed that they shall be heard from and all their good deeds heralded throughout the world of music through this medium. Miss May Hamilton, whose address in Toronto is to be found among the office addresses on the editorial page, is the Canadian general and authorized representative and correspondent of the Courier. The manner in which she has been received during the preliminary work done in Toronto is an indication that the project will be accepted by the Canadian musical world in the same broad and liberal and sympathetic spirit with which it is offered by the Courier."

The funniest contribution to the discussion of the question of foreign musical examinations for Canada which has yet appeared, occupied three-quarters of a

column of space in a recent issue of the Globe, the same being from the pen of the genial impresario and versatile musician, Mr. C. A. E. Harris. Somewhere and somehow Mr. Harris has conceived an impression that the examinations of the Royal Academy of Music are to be introduced into this country. He also succeeds in conjuring up a suspicion that the musicians of Canada are showing disrespect to the justly famous music school mentioned, and to its equally famous and highly esteemed principal, Sir Alexander Mackenzie. The most mirth-provoking feature, however, of Mr. Harris' letter is the note of grandfatherly caution it sounds to the musicians who are protesting against the trivial and mischievous examinations of the Associated Board of Examiners, to the effect that sooner or later "you'll be sorry—see if you don't." Mr. Harris, like Mr. Aldous of Hamilton, displays a woeful lack of knowledge of the question at issue, and appears to be unaware of the wide difference existing between the standard of examinations adopted by the Royal Academy of Music and the absurd local examination tests of the Associated Board. Exact details of the question Mr. Harris will doubtless acquaint himself with when he has thoroughly aroused himself from his wild dreams concerning the Royal Academy and the plans he so innocently and eloquently claims it is projecting for Canada.

Mr. John E. Turton, who is known throughout Canada as a descriptive baritone of much merit, is being kept busy filling engagements throughout the country, and can be booked for the winter season by addressing him at 158 Yonge street, Toronto. Mr. Turton has just received the following letter from Mr. W. Banks, the amusement director for the Toronto Street Railway, in reference to his long engagement at Munroe Park this summer, and has been re-engaged for this popular resort for the whole of next season: "Mr. J. E. Turton was first engaged by us for a few days, as we were doubtful about his voice being of sufficient strength to reach the very large audiences we invariably had on the grounds. To our surprise and delight, Mr. Turton's splendid baritone voice was distinctly heard by more than 20,000 people and gave such unbounded satisfaction that we promptly engaged him for every vacant date he had during the season. Although Mr. Turton sang twice daily, so extensive is his repertoire that he gave a new song at almost every performance. We have arranged that he will sing for us again next season."

As will be seen by reference to an announcement in another column of this page, an organ scholarship is being offered by Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., of the staff of the Conservatory of Music. This scholarship, which is open to general competition, should prove of great advantage to the successful candidate, particularly if he or she purposes preparing for the profession. Mr. Anger, being a degree holder of the Royal College of Organists, an institution famous throughout the world for the high quality of its examinations and for the integrity of its promoters, is qualified to conduct the studies of seriously inclined students along the most modern and artistic lines. *Appropos* of the Royal College of Organists, which is in many respects the most highly respected musical examining body in the world, it may be said that the standard of its examinations is constantly stiffening, and that at no time has the institution descended to the questionable methods of many other trans-Atlantic examining boards in lowering the dignity of their work to the level of a mere speculation in the wholesale huckstering of certificates, diplomas, etc., of a most trumpery character.

The musicians of Montreal held a meeting in Karn Hall on Thursday evening of last week and almost unanimously adopted a resolution protesting against the Canadian examination ventures of the Associated Board of Examiners of London, Eng., on the grounds that these examinations were unnecessary here; that their low standard would prove detrimental to the best interests of music in Canada, and that the low grade, especially of the teacher's certificate with its C.T.A.B. "caudal appendage," (examination fee \$25), would result in the creation of an innumerable army of comparatively unqualified teachers operating with the stamp of approval of a foreign examining board, the effects of which, it was felt, would be certain to prove unfavorable to the healthy musical development of the Dominion. An influential committee composed of the leading English, French and Canadian musicians of the city was appointed to act in concert with the Ontario committee in the matter of preparing a suitable protest to be forwarded through influential channels to the leading musicians and institutions of England at an early date.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have concluded an important arrangement with Howard & Co., music publishers of London, England, whereby Canadian composers will be enabled to secure the advantages of a market beyond the seas, the English firm mentioned undertaking to publish and push in England any works by our composers which may possess sufficient merit to warrant it. This enterprise on the part of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. will doubtless be duly appreciated by Canadian composers, whose chief complaint in the past has been due to the limited field offered in Canada for the sale of original works by native musicians. Messrs. Howard & Co. have already accepted and published two songs by Mr. T. C. Jeffers, four by Mr. Charles A. E. Harris, and one by Mr. Frederick L. Lawrence, works which had already been published in Canada by Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. and which had been most favorably mentioned by leading local critics. The English editions of the songs mentioned are admirably engraved and attractively gotten up generally.

The concert hall of the Toronto College of Music was filled on Thursday evening of last week with a cultured and interested audience, who listened with marked attention to a lecture on voice preparation, correction and regulation, by Mr. S. T. Church, of the College staff, supplemented by a very enjoyable programme of music given by Mrs. J. W. Mallon (nee Sullivan), Miss L. Dundas, Mrs. Church and Mr. J. W. Carnahan. The lecturer handled his subject in a clear and comprehensive manner, and in conclusion defined his position in connection with the vocal department of the College of Music as confined strictly to the removal of voice obstruction, equalization of the voice scale, and, in fact, all that pertained to the preparation and regulation of the singing voice, his duties not including that of the vocal singing master. The musical selections were a very enjoyable feature, and were fully up to the reputation of those assisting.

By referring to our advertising columns it will be noticed that the Toronto Conservatory of Music is again offering to music students an exceptionally favorable opportunity to secure free instruction. This list of free and partial scholarships offered for open competition includes thirteen which are free, under as many leading and experienced members of the faculty, without any limit as to age or the amount of instruction previously received. Three free and twenty partial are also offered to those under sixteen years who have not had more than one quarter's instruction. The total value of these scholarships is upwards of \$1,000, with which winners have all Conservatory advantages. The competition being open and the conditions simple, there should be many applications. Names must be sent to the Conservatory on or before Saturday, October 15.

The Hamilton Conservatory of Music, of which Dr. C. L. M. Harris is director, is rapidly coming into prominence as one of the most important and progressive music schools in Canada. The director enjoys the distinction of being the only Canadian Mus. Doc., and his practical labors in the cause of music in Hamilton prove that in his case the title is honored by the man. The institution over which Dr. Harris presides with so much success offers every facility for the acquirement of a thorough musical training in all important branches of the art. Dr. Harris also specializes in the preparation of students for the musical examinations of our universities, and gives instruction by correspondence in the theory of music to those who do not find it convenient to register at the Conservatory in Hamilton in the regular way.

Much interest is centering in the piano, vocal and elocutionary scholarships now being offered for competition at the Metropolitan School of Music. The teachers under whom the scholarship winners would study are well known for their professional success, consequently the several opportunities will be properly esteemed. As previously announced, these teachers are: Piano, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Mr. Cecil Carl Forsyth, Peter C. Kennedy, Miss H. S. Taylor, Miss Celia M. Tufford; vocal, Miss Campbell Stotesbury, Signor Sajous; elocution, Miss Belle H. Noonan. Applications can be made up to next Saturday either personally or by addressing the secretary of the Metropolitan School of Music, Parkdale.

The reserved seat plan for the piano and song recital to be given by Miss Huston and Mr. Tripp on Monday evening next in Association Hall, opened last Wednesday morning. Owing to the large advance sale of subscribers' tickets, a great many seats have been marked off and the audience promises to be a large and representative one. We are pleased to learn that owing to the urgent and frequent requests for a students' reduced rate, the management propose to offer a number of seats at 50 cents each. These seats will be on sale Saturday morning, when the plan opens at ten o'clock.

Mr. Torrington announces his intention of organizing a special chorus for the purpose of giving a performance of Handel's Messiah at Christmas. This announcement will be welcomed by the large number of local oratorio lovers whose love for this grand old work knows no diminution as the years go by. Mr. Torrington will receive applications for admission to membership in the chorus at the College of Music, Pembroke street (telephone 1002). It is recommended that applications be made at an early date, as the chorus list will soon be closed.

Mr. George E. Brame, who has achieved deserved distinction as a successful teacher of vocal music, particularly as an expert in the department of sight-singing, has organized his classes for the ensuing season. Mr. Brame's curriculum embraces a thorough course of tuition in scale formation, modulation and key relationship. An important feature of Mr. Brame's work during this season will be the formation of a teachers' class at special rates, particulars of which may be had at his studio, 201 Jarvis street.

Mr. A. T. Craig has been appointed organist and choirmaster of Northern Congregational church. Mr. Craig has for several years past been a member of the choir of Jarvis street Baptist church, and during the past summer acted as substitute for the regular organist much to the satisfaction of the congregation worshipping there.

A letter from Mr. Ashford Jones of this city, dealing with the question of the Canadian local examinations of the Associated Board of Examiners of London, Eng., is unavoidably held over until next week, as also is some other matter relating to the said examinations.

Mr. J. A. Carnahan, the popular baritone and member of the College of Music staff, has been appointed choirmaster of Elm street Methodist church.

The Sherlock Male Quartette is engaged to sing at the High School concert in Streetsville on the evening of the 12th inst. MODERATO.

Toronto Conservatory of Music

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director

ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF SCHOLARSHIPS

For open competition under the following teachers:

PIANO/ORGAN—Edward Fisher, A.S. Vogt, J. W. F. Harrison, Y. P. Hunt, Donald Herald A.T.C.M., Miss M. and Gordon A.T.C.M., Miss S. E. Dallas, M.S. Bac., Rechab Tandy.

VOICE—Miss Norma Reynolds, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Albert Han, Mus. Doc., Dub'n, F.R.C.O. and L.T.C., London.

VIOLIN—Mrs. B. Drecher-Adamson, COMPOSITION—J. Humfrey Anger, (Mus. Bac. Oxon, F.R.C.)

Candidates for above Scholarships are not limited as to age, or the amount of instruction previously received. Also, Elementary Pianoforte—Three Free and Twenty Partial Scholarships. Sixteen Full and Twenty Partial Scholarships as above, good to the close of June, 1899, will be awarded to candidates who meet the requirements of the examinations.

TOTAL VALUE, - \$1,600
Candidates for Elementary Piano must be under 16 years, and shall not have had more than one quarter's instruction. Winners of Scholarships have all Conservatory advantages. Applications must be made personally, or by mail, not later than October 15th, stating definitely which Scholarship will be competed for. Due notice will be given of the date of competition.

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SPECIALIST in training PIANO STUDENTS for THE PROFESSION
MR. RECHAB TANDY
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October 8, 1898

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Thomas Allison of 223 College street is returning with Mrs. Thomas Ross to Winnipeg, British Columbia and California, visiting all the places of interest on the way. Mrs. Allison will try the springs at Banff for the benefit of her health.

The jolly four, composed of Misses Ida and Lou Gardner and Mr. Alfred Chidley and Mr. Thomas Hodgson, issued invitations numbering fully two hundred for a farewell closing party at Munro and Victoria Parks for Friday evening of last week, and fully one hundred and fifty people accepted and were present. Amongst those present we noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Lister, Mr. and Mrs. Trotter, Mr. and Mrs. Later, Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. McGuffey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Stayer, Mr. J. H. Greenfield, Mr. and Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Howett, Ald. T. Davies, Misses Gardner, Briggs, Hodgson, Holland, Forrest, Cumming, Ingram, Studdaun, Stansby, the Misses Thompson, the Misses Harris, the Misses Smith, and Messrs. Kyle, Moore, Gardner, Bailey, Sanderson, Hines, Lennox, Soules, Smith, Luke, Armstrong, Gentle, Gillespie, Kelley, Johnstone, Carrie, and many others. The pavilion was beautifully decorated with numerous flags and Chinese lanterns, and nicely draped with red, white and blue bunting. Dancing was commenced at nine o'clock and was indulged in by every person present until supper was announced. The table fairly groaned under the abundant supply of good things. Dancing was then resumed and kept up until about three o'clock, when special cars took the guests home. All expressed themselves as having spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Grayson Smith will receive on Monday and Tuesday next, October 10 and 11, at her new home, 280 Huron street. This should be one of the most popular of the many post-nuptials of the season, and no bride has more admirers and friends than Mrs. Grayson Smith (nee Chadwick).

Mrs. Coldham and her daughters three, Mrs. Suydam, Miss Coldham and Miss Nellie, returned this week from a visit to Toledo. The young ladies are deep in the fascinating work of troussau selecting. Miss Anna will be a November and Miss Nell a December bride.

The Misses Kormann of 10 Bloor street east are home after a delightful three months' trip in Europe. While in Rome they were specially favored in having a private audience with His Holiness the Pope.

Still another of Toronto's fair daughters is leaving Canada to swell the number who have already gone to live under the folds of Old Glory, as on November 8 will be celebrated the marriage of Miss Tiny Ruthven and Mr. Hamilton S. Hall of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Albany P. Barr of Glasgow, Scotland, were passengers on the s.s. Dominion, arriving in Montreal on Friday of last week, and after a delightful sail through the Thousand Islands are now in this city visiting their niece, Mrs. Churchill Patton of 189 Gerrard street east.

Mrs. Thomas J. Wardell (nee Helliwell) will be at home to her friends at 89 Spencer avenue, Parkdale, on the second and fourth Thursdays.

Miss Louise Makay Leslie, whose recent removal to New York was deeply regretted by a large circle of admirers, has been in the city for a few days. On Sunday last this popular vocalist sang in the Metropolitan church at both morning and evening service, much to the pleasure of the large congregations present.

Next Monday evening Miss Margaret Huston's sweet voice will be heard in concert at Association Hall, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will play, as he has not before played in Toronto, after his two years' study in Vienna.

"Mr. Mansfield's latest treasure," says a New York critic, "is Miss Margaret Anglin, who on Monday night achieved a success almost equal to his own. Unknown before Cyrano—for she was in the rear ranks of Sothern's company—Margaret Anglin now promises to win something of the celebrity of her big-nosed hero. The new actress is a Canadian of Irish extraction. She was born in New Brunswick three or four and twenty years ago. Her father was Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin, a prominent newspaper man of St. John, who was elected to the Canadian House of Commons, and for five years held the dignified position of Speaker of the House. Two of Miss Anglin's

My ... Best ... Friend

owes his speedy recovery to the great tonic influence of

Wilson's Invalids' Port ...

a pure port wine with Peruvian Bark in proportions prescribed by the English and French pharmacopoeias.

Endorsed and prescribed by our leading physicians.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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For the Toilet

Glycerine Soap

PERFUMED WITH OTTO OF ROSES.



A BEAUTIFUL WINTER HOME.
Thousands of dollars have been expended upon the Arlington Hotel, resulting in the largest summer business the hotel has ever enjoyed. The only first-class hotel in the city having a south-east corner. Steam-heated in every room. No expense spared in making the Arlington the finest winter hotel in the Dominion. James Richardson, for the past six years' chef at the Queen's Royal Hotel, has been engaged as chef, thus guaranteeing excellent cuisine. Terms most reasonable for first-class accommodation to be had in Toronto. Call before engaging quarters for the winter.

brothers are successful lawyers in Toronto, so Hon. Timothy has transmitted his gifts to the stage as well as to the bar, and his name promises to win in the theater what has followed it in the courts."

The Queen's Own Band will play for the military service to-morrow afternoon.

Mrs. Ridout gave a tea on Wednesday for Mrs. Fleming, a recent arrival in Toronto society.

PRIVATE BOARD
AT
Nos. 294 and 296 Jarvis Street, Toronto
Conducted by MRS. JAMES BAILEY, late Matron of the Y.W.C.A., Toronto; MISS STRACHAN, of 91 Charles Street, Hamilton.
...TABLE BOARD A SPECIALTY...

WE are showing the most handsome line of high-class Novelties in all fashionable

...FURS...

Our Seal, Persian Lamb, Alaska Sable and Stone Marten Capelines cannot be excelled

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We have just received a new shipment of cloths in all the latest shades suitable for Tailor-made Costumes. We draw special attention to our Mantle Department. Exceptional values in

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at low prices. Furs remodeled in all the latest styles at moderate prices.

Mail orders promptly attended to

At R. WOLFE'S
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HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR RAW FURS.

Grand Opening

Popular Matinees
15c. TUESDAY THURSDAY SATURDAY 25c.

COMING—LEWIS MORRISON

Under distinguished patronage of Her Excellency Countess of Aberdeen and Lady Kirkpatrick.

MISS STERNBERG, graduate of Barium Gymnasium, Montreal, will open her School of Physical Education at St. George's Hall, Elm Street, on Monday, October 3rd, 1898.

Miss Sternberg will be at St. George's Hall on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 11 a.m. till 1 p.m., to receive applications or furnish information regarding classes. Circulars mailed on application. Physical course includes: Freehand Exercises, Artistic Callisthenics, Baseball Clubs, Dumb-bells, Hoop Exercises, Ring Exercises, Marching and Fancy Marching, all tending to systematic development of every muscle of the human body. Visitors welcome.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

WE are showing some very fine Worsted, Tweed and Serge Suits for young gentlemen's first long trouser suits at \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00.

Perfect-fitting Reefer Coats for the cool evenings and mornings \$4.00 to \$8.00

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Monday Tuesday Wednesday Oct. 10-11-12
WEDNESDAY MATINEE
EDW. E. RICE'S SUPERB SPECTACLE

The Girl From Paris
The . . . SINGIEST DANCEIEST SAUCIEST GIRLIEST Thing in Town
Original New York Production
GREAT CAST

Grand Opera House
Thursday, Friday and Saturday Nights and Saturday Matinee Oct. 13, 14, 15
SECOND ANNUAL ENGAGEMENT OF MISS
Julia Arthur
Under the management of A. H. CANBY in
A LADY OF QUALITY
By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT and STEPHEN TOWNSEND.
SUPPORTED BY
W. H. Hart, Florence Connor, White Whittelsey, Ethel Knight Mollison, Robert McWade, Marie Bingham, Joseph Allen, Herbie Fortier, William Herbert, Albert Howine, Thomas Bridgeland, Marcus Moriarty, W. J. Thorold, L. J. Fuller.
The same magnificent production as seen here last year.

THE CLOTHES PRESSING Co.
OF TORONTO LIMITED.
Until you have tried it, the snap is not appreciated. Just crumple Clothes into the box. Weekly service.
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Head Offices:
20 King St. West
Toronto
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Confederation Life Assembly Hall
COR. YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.
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At Homes, Banquets, Assemblies, Lectures, Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the above Hall is of the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by Electricity, ventilated by Electric Fans; large Dining-room and Kitchen with range. Also retiring and dressing-rooms on the same floor.

For full particulars apply to
A. M. CAMPBELL,
Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.

IMPERIAL CANADA
Is the title of the new Picture Travel Talk to be given by MR. FRANK VEIGH in Association Hall, Thursday Evening, Oct. 13 100 superb views. Italian orchestra. French Canadian chansons. Reserved seats 25c. Plan 4 Gourlay. Winter & Leeming's on Monday, October 10.

NATURAL PERFECTION

A B C D E F G H I

A—represents a grain of wheat greatly magnified. B—a cross section, cut on dotted line. C—the first bran coat, which furnishes necessary bulk or waste food. D and E—mineral matter or salts that build the bones; and nitrogenous matter that builds the muscles. F and G—a cerealine substance that gives flavor and color to the grain and contains a ferment which aids in digestion of all starchy foods. H—gluten cells which build the tissues and muscles of the body. I—the starch grains and small gluten cells, supplying heat and energy to the body, and is the part from which white flour is made. J—the germ or vital principle, in which are the minerals or phosphates that feed brain and nerve. The germ, bran coats and a large part of the gluten are taken out in the manufacture of white flour, thus destroying the natural properties, and failing to supply nourishment for bone, teeth, nerve, brain and muscle.

WHEAT-SHED WHEAT are made from all of the perfect whole grain.

WHEAT-SHED DRINK is made of WHEAT barley, and the least bit of sugar.

A cook book, entitled "THE VITAL QUESTION," illustrated in natural colors, mailed free to all sending their addresses to
THE NEW ERA COOKING SCHOOL
Worcester, Mass.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain
PRICES:
Full Set Best Teeth, perfect fit guaranteed or no pay, \$6.
Good set, \$4.
22k Gold Crowns \$8.
Gold Fillings \$1 up.
Silver Fillings 75c.
Teeth without Plate, \$5.

ALL WORK NEARLY PAINLESS AND GUARANTEED

H. A. GALLOWAY, L. D. S.
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...THE NEW... Coleman Restaurant
Where the finest table Delicacies are obtainable.
TABLE D'HOTE from 6 to 9
LUNCH, a la Carte
D'Alessandro Orchestra every evening from 6 to 8, and 10 to 12.

ALBERT WILLIAMS
113 King St. West

You Can Count ON OUR Wedding Cakes...
We spare no pains to make them perfect in every respect. Their handsome decorations, delicious almond icing and fine rich quality have made them very popular.
30c. and 40c. a lb. Sent to any address.

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719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

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SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.
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Surplus over capital and all other liabilities exceeds \$7,000,000
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The Wabash Railroad
With its superb and magnificent train service, is now acknowledged to be the most perfect railway system in America. The great winter tourist route to the south and west, including the famous Hot Springs, Arkansas; Old Mexico, the Egypt of the New World; Texas and California, the land of sunshine and flowers. Passengers going by the Wabash reach their destination in advance of other routes. Wabash trains reach more large cities than any other railroad in the world. Detailed information will be cheerfully furnished by any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

Diamonds
All we ask is a comparison of Stones and Prices. We know, and all our customers know, that we are selling the ...
Highest Quality of Diamonds
at lowest prices. Examine our stock, see our prices and you will know likewise.

SGHEUER'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS
80 YONGE ST.

HERCULES WIRE BEDS



Means perfection in bed comfort

The patent interlacing wires is the secret of their wonderful strength and comfort. Take no other make. Manufactured by Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co. Two large factories, Toronto

Social and Personal.

Dr. Alfred E. Webster, who has been touring the Continent for the last two months, has returned to his home and practice in Bloor street west.

Mrs. Dougald Macgillivray will receive at 719 Spadina avenue on the afternoons of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week.

Mrs. Reginald Lockhart entertained Mrs. Winthrop on Sunday afternoon.

The charming girls who have heretofore worked for the Sick Children's Hospital have organized this week for their good work for the little ones.

Miss C. A. Williams is at the Rossin for the winter. Professor and Mrs. Wiehmayr are settled in Leipsic. Several Toronto students have gone to Leipsic to continue lessons with Professor Wiehmayr, Miss Carter of Toronto and Miss Graham of Guelph among others. Mrs. Lachlan Macfarlane has taken a house in Madison avenue for the winter. Mr. La Rue left Saturday evening for Montreal. The Misses Cattanaach have returned from Kirkfield.

Mrs. Alfred Denison has rented her house, 703 Ontario street, and will board for the winter.

Reasons.

Life.
At sight of Robert Lincoln Wells, Miss Melia Johnson suddenly became stiff in the neck. "Why don't you come to see me no mo', Mr. Wells?" she said, in her haughtiest manner.

Robert Lincoln Wells almost blushed through his black skin. Guilt was written on every feature of his face. Then he had an inspiration.

"I tell de truf, Miss 'Mely, I'm clean scared of you' dorg."

"Well, the ain't no call to be scared of my dorg, Mr. Wells. In the first place, he ain't never loose where he can git at anybody. In the second place, he wouldn't bite yeh if he could. An' in the third place, I ain't got no dorg in the first place."

Popular Fall Top-Coats.

The Covert Coat and the Chesterfield are the popular designs. The street Covert will be a fly-front sack, about three-quarters box, and in length one-half the wearer's height. These dimensions make it emphatically a business coat, for the reason that it is only long enough to cover a sack or short cut-away frock. The Chesterfield, or fly-front over-sack, is shapely, but not close-fitting in the back, and long enough to cover a double-breasted frock. The exact fashionable length is five inches more than one-half the wearer's height, the shoulders moderately broad and round, but not high in effect. Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, is showing some designs, particularly his own in these fashionable coats, and his stock of imported woollens shows an immense variety of the popular goods for making them. Consult him on style always.

Meek, Wright and Love are the three graces comprising the Argonaut scrimmage. We can imagine the air of peace and mildness radiating from the field when the trio get their heads together.

CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

BUSINESS HEALTH OR PLEASURE

If you are contemplating a trip, East or West, North or South, to the Atlantic Seaside or the Pacific Coast, to any quarter of the globe, it will pay you to favorably consider the advantages offered by the most unique railway system in the world.

BUSINESS—It passes through or has access to every city or important town in the Dominion of Canada.

HEALTH—Some of the most renowned health resorts and mineral springs are situated on its lines; with its connections all others are reached.

PLEASURE—No grander scenery can be found along the line of any other railway.

C. E. McPHERSON, Ass. Gen. Pass. Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Hunting and Fishing Resorts

that are unsurpassed and

That Abound in All Kinds of Fish and Game

Open season for DEER, Nov. 1st to 15th inclusive.

Open season for DUCKS, Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th inclusive.

Open season for GEESSE, Sept. 15th to May 1st inclusive.

Open season for GROUSE, Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th inclusive.

Open season for HARES, Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th inclusive.

Open season for PARTRIDGE, Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th inclusive.

Hunting and Fishing Guide and all information from any Agent of Grand Trunk Railway or from

M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.

UGH!
That's nice!



From India and Ceylon

Tetley's Elephant Brand Packets, filled with pure good tea, and sold in ½ and 1 lb. packets, at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb., are certainly

Best of Tea Value

no matter which grade is purchased.

Tetley's TEAS
ELEPHANT BRAND



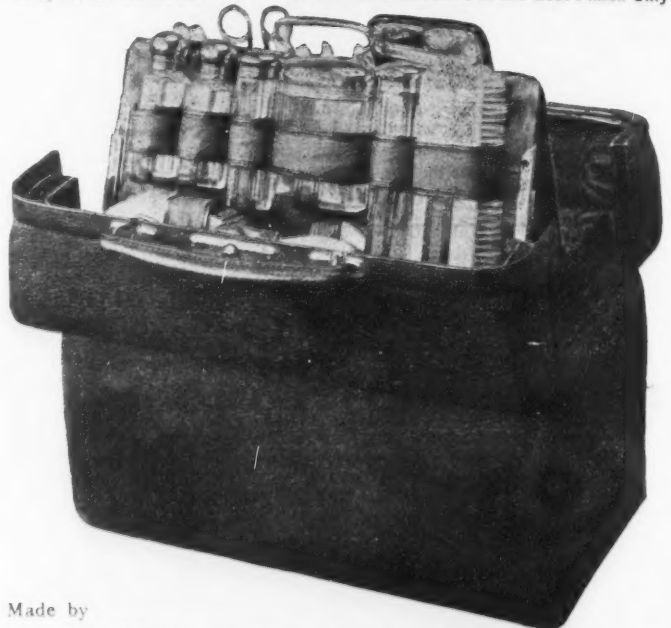
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..BABY GRAND..

Here we represent one of our Baby Grand creations, being graceful as well as beautiful. The characteristics of the Heintzman & Co. pianos are familiar to the musical world. For fifty years the house has been in existence and striving to win and to sustain the reputation it now enjoys. It is a remarkable fact that more than 14,000 Heintzman & Co pianos have been made and sold in Canada. A record, the significance of which is difficult to realize in its influence upon the development of musical tastes.

New Designs TOILET BAGS

Especially Suited for Wedding Gifts

Compact and Convenient Articles and Leathers in the Best Finish Only



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The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.

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Makers of Fine Traveling and Leather Goods

Monsieur Masson of Victoria University has resumed his French classes and is forming a special class for young children, and another special practical conversation class for those contemplating a trip to the Paris exhibition. 67 Grosvenor street.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

HOWARD—Sept. 30, Mrs. T. J. Howard—a son.

PARKER—Sept. 18, Mrs. J. D. Parker—a son.

WILSON—Fort McLeod, Sept. 25, Mrs. Maurice S. Wilson—a daughter.

MATTHEWS—London, Eng., Sept. 30, Mrs. Walter J. Matthews—a daughter.

COATE—Sept. 26, Mrs. F. S. Coate—a daughter.

Marriages.

ROBINSON—HESLIN—At Union Congregational Church, Worcester, Mass. on Sept. 28, by Rev. J. E. Tuttle, D.D., Walter H. Robin-

son of New York to Minnie Florence, daughter of the late William Heslin of Toronto.

DEYMAN—INSER—Sept. 28, William Rapley Deyman to Alice Mari-n Jones.

MANNEL—BOLTON—Sept. 28, John J. Mannel to Maria Bolton.

LAN—ABR—Sept. 28, William Lannin to Minnie Abbott.

HARRY—MILLEN—Markham, Sept. —, John William Harry to Mary Rutherford Mil-

lken.

JENNINGS—BECK—Penetanguishene, Sept. 28, J. B. Jennings to Lovina Winifred Beck.

Deaths.

PHILLIPS—Bond Head, Sept. 28, Mrs. Sarah Ann Phillips, aged 63.

WATSON—Dixie, Oct. 4, William Youle Watson, aged 82.

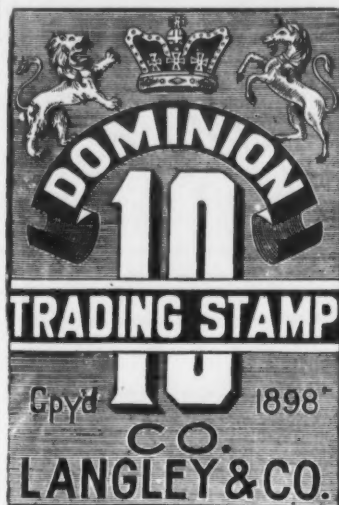
HUNTER—Oct. 3, Alex. Hunter, aged 57.

BAIRN—Sept. —, Gladys Victoria Bairn, aged 30.

SHIELDS—Sept. 30, Margaret Shields, aged 73.

PARKER—Sept. 29, Mary Mason Parker, aged 80.

RACE—Sept. 29, Jane Lilly Race.



You Can Save

...5 to 10 PER CENT.

On What You Spend

WHICH is better, 3 per cent. on what you save, or saving from 5 to 10 per cent. on what you spend? A bank allows you 3 per cent. simply because your cash is worth that and more to them. Has it ever occurred to you that the cash you spend is entitled to the same discounts the merchants receive or to the same interest the banks charge?

TRUE ECONOMY is not exercised so much by curtailing your expenditures as in securing the full purchasing power of the dollar you spend.

Thousands of leading families in this city have and are proving the truth of this every day. They buy just as much as they formerly did, pay the same prices, yet by collecting the Blue Trading Stamps to which their cash entitles them, they are saving from 5 to 10 per cent. on every dollar they spend. The fact that all Trading Stamps are not redeemed only increases the gains of the steady collectors, as they get the extra stamps.

All persons having three pages filled during the month of October receive ten stamps free.

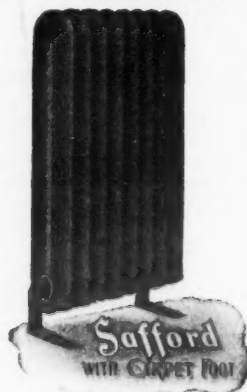
All persons filling their book before Christmas get their premium and a new book with 25 stamps.

The business of the Dominion Trading Stamp Co. is conducted in the same careful and systematic manner as that of a chartered bank.

Every stamp issued is interchangeable and redeemable in all cities where agencies are established. Ladies from London, Ottawa and other cities visiting here are able to collect the same stamps as they collect at home. American visitors are much pleased to find the popular Trading Stamps are in Toronto.

If you have not yet started, call at their showrooms, **220 YONGE STREET**, and get a Stamp-book free. Fill it with the stamps that are free and get from them the goods that are free, thus proving that by collecting Blue Trading Stamps you can save from 5 to 10 per cent. on what you spend.

Safe—Heating



Hot Water and Steam

Aside from the fact that the "Safford" Radiators are unique because no bolts, rods or packing are used in their connections, the vital point is claimed (and guaranteed) that they will stand a pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch—about double the pressure that any other radiator is capable of bearing.

They embody every single specification of all the leading architects of the country. They are SAFE beyond question. They are handsome—they are made in the shape of circles and in various angles—shapes to suit the various spaces where they are to be used. There are twenty-five different styles of

The Safford Radiators

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Agencies—Montreal, Quebec, Que., St. John, N.B., Winnipeg, Man., Vancouver, B.C., Auckland, N.Z., London, Eng.

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